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ONE-HUNDRED-SIXTEENTH YEAR

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Volume 230 — *December 1930* — Number 6

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WHILE winter winds whistle by, reminding us of long lists of Christmas gifts yet to be chosen, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW offers a new service to its readers. Dorothy Bradshaw has selected a group of interesting articles from the New York shops as holiday suggestions. Should you be unable to come to the city, she will gladly secure these or other articles you may desire upon receipt of a check. Prices quoted are postpaid. Address your gift problems, care of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, No. 9 East Thirty-seventh Street, to:

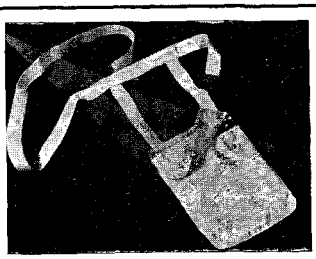
Dorothy Bradshaw

In the days of Good Queen Bess, a gentleman carried his own spoon wherever he dined and, since it served as a knife too, it was strong and sharply edged. Crichton has reproductions of a favorite Elizabethan pattern, the Apostle spoons, each with a small gilt figure of one of the Twelve or of the Master on the handle. Hammered out by hand in the Sixteenth Century manner, these pieces make handsome soup or serving spoons. A set of thirteen original spoons sold recently for a fabulous sum but these reproductions are $15.00 each. Be sure to mention your favorite Apostle when ordering.

A hand-wrought kettle of dull, warm copper or a shining bowl of brass will add an interesting note to any decorative scheme. The Russian Brass Antique Shop shows such a wealth of unusual old pieces and authentic reproductions in brass and copper that one longs to return to the Age of Metal. From Damascus are gathered bowls of that rich tone found only in Syrian copper, somewhat misshapen from a century or two of use. Trays of the same workmanship bear Biblical stories in engraving of strange intricacy. The prices are surprisingly low; a hand-hammered tea or coffee set including tray, pot, creamer and sugar bowl, in brass or copper, pewter-lined, is $5.50. You will want a catalogue.

It is a joy to find an attractive gift, equally suitable for a man or a woman and so reasonably priced that you can romp through your gift list. TECS, the smart new knitted jackets for shoes are an indispensable luxury for the traveller. No need to soil clean clothes with dusty shoes if they are TECed. Two pairs are packed in a gift box for $1.50, size A for women and B for men.

Breakfast waffles are even more tempting when maple syrup is poured from a softly gleaming pewter syrup pitcher. Walter Wesp, 542 Fifth Avenue, who makes a specialty of solid pewter



FOR THE TRAVEL-WISE

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The North American Review

VOLUME 230 DECEMBER, 1930 NUMBER 6

Apéritif

Elegy

"OH, ME! Oh, my! Alackaday!" Emma was murmuring to herself. It distressed us to see our usually placid whale upset and we inquired what ailed her.

"Just politics, is all," she said sadly. "I'm afraid they've lost their old verve. No one fights about them any more, either in the game or out, and that was the only thing that ever made them interesting."

"Why, Emma, what brought this on?" we asked, amazed. "You've never worried about politics before. We thought you didn't like them."

"It's this Patterson-Longworth affair," she replied with a deprecating flip of her tail, which destroyed a six-inch wall. "When Eleanor Patterson came out with her first editorial in *The Washington Herald* I thought to myself: 'Well, here we are at last — a good old-fashioned feud. With Hearst behind her, Mrs. Patterson will knock the stuffing out of Alice Longworth in print, and Alice will come right back and cut Eleanor dead on the street. Oh, we'll have a grand time.'

"And then what happened? Eleanor — or Elsie Schlesinger, or Countess Gyzicka, or whatever you like: she's got more names than that new English princess — wrote in her first editorial that Alice, who is supposed to have so much political power, really hasn't any at all and can't do anything more damaging or helpful than pose for photographs. That should have made Alice mad and started something, but it didn't. No, sir. She just ignored it.

"So Eleanor tried again — harder this time. She wrote an editorial saying that Senator Borah had promised to vote against seating Ruth Hanna McCormick in the Senate on account of her huge campaign expenses — providing they both got elected. And then charged that Alice, who is a great friend of both Ruth and Senator Borah, would use her friendship to make peace between them. This was a little funny, because they tell me Eleanor once tried pretty hard to make friends with Senator Borah herself, and got beaten out by Alice Longworth.

"But the main thing is that Alice still refused to get mad. She laughed heartily, in fact, when she saw the

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editorial, and proceeded to send it on to Borah — and he laughed, too. Now where's the fun in that?

"I tell you, politicians have got to take their business more seriously! Otherwise, what will we do for amusement, with the movies so dull, and all?"

Fearing that tales of Senator Morrow's absent-mindedness may precipitate a new flood of jokes on bemused men of letters, we set down our notion of the unapproachably superlative instance of this quaint phenomenon — hoping, thereby, to avert the catastrophe:

A lady we know went up to a mirror and with leisurely gestures put on her hat. The operation concluded, she smiled at her reflection, bowed and said, "Thank you." Then turned and walked gratefully away.

Brains vs. College

LIKE many another ingrained pessimist, we have always regarded colleges with a cold and fishy eye, wondered whence came the notion that horse sense and a balanced mind could result from proximity with so weird an institution. But this year a glance, unintentional and haphazard, at some activities of the better known universities in the East has astounded us by revealing that students and authorities actually can and do possess a degree of sanity and intelligence — not always, we confess, but once in a while, anyway.

For instance, Harvard rejected a benevolent offer of one Rudy Vallee to make famous with his singing that recondite old chant, *Fair Harvard*. And similarly restrained itself from taking advantage of Charles (Buddy) Rogers's generous proposal to lead its band at a football game.

Then, seven Princeton seniors have admitted that plays they saw in New York had a deleterious effect on their morals. In other words, they have admitted their possession of morals, and damageable ones at that. They do not think that college students are either wholly bad or wholly superior to influences other than of their own peculiar *mores*.

And to round out our thesis with the third of the old Big Three, this year's matriculation address by the chaplain at Yale included an exhortation to the students to strive for humility, which he evidently recognized as an attribute lacking from the character of the average graduate. Being so different, it recalled to our minds the famous advice of a Boston professor last year "to be a snob: marry the boss's daughter." And in some vague way the comparative worth of the two counsels seemed indicated by news of a gentleman in London who was drowned trying to save the life of his employer's daughter.

But then, alas, there is also *The Harvard Crimson*, which criticized the American Legion for countenancing drunkenness at its convention in Boston, thereby casting, as it were, the first stone.

Woman's Instinct

LADY ASTOR said recently: "I feel that it is not enough that women should know only what men know, because the wisdom of men smacks too much of the wisdom of this world. If some method of educa-

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tion could be evolved in which men could be taught what women know by instinct, we'd have peace on earth and good will toward men."

We showed this to Emma, and she said something indistinct about women's good will toward men, but refused to repeat it so that we could hear. She looked bland.

Our private opinion is that the wisdom of men smacks too little of the wisdom of this world, or any other world, for that matter. And our utterly secret opinion is that if men could be taught what women know by instinct, there would be no education, for the reason that there would be no marriages and no children to be educated — or anyhow, not very many children.

Wisdom

WHICH brings us to the subject of Louisiana's new Secretary of State, Miss Alice Lee Grosjean. She is twenty-four, has been Huey Long's secretary since 1925, and her quoted words on receiving the new office were as follows: "I never dreamed I would ever be a State official. Of course I am thrilled. The first thing I did when the Governor told me was to call my father and mother at Shreveport and tell them." It is also reported that she thought it would give her time to go to dances, play some golf and tennis, take a vacation. And she did not think that woman's place is in politics.

We might wonder — if no one objected — whether Miss Grosjean, during her five years in the Honorable Mr. Long's employ, taught him any of that knowledge by instinct she undoubtedly possessed; and if she did, what effect it has had in Baton Rouge on peace and good will toward men. And, whether anyone objects or not, we are having a long, hard wonder about the wisdom of men, the wisdom of women and the wisdom of this world.

We hear that H. G. Wells is once again objecting to the way history is taught children in schools, and it reminds us of an old story about a professor in a college near Philadelphia. He had the run, naturally, of the college library and could take out books when he pleased without notifying the librarian, so when the *Outline of History* was missed from its accustomed shelf for some weeks, that official asked him if he knew where it was. Snorting with indignation, he turned on his heel and snarled from the doorway: "Look on the fiction shelf."

Whiskers Over All

A YOUNG man has been mentioned lately who came to New York in 1816 with the first mustache seen in that up and coming hamlet. It was not successful, and, in fact, this kind of adornment failed to take hold until the time when the Century and Union clubs came into being — though, so far as we know, the connection was merely chronological.

There would be no reason for bringing this incident up here, except that several months ago predictions were heard spoken that whiskers would again come into vogue. And, according to prognostications, the time of fulfilment should be upon us

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now. Yet where are the lovely setose thatches, the sideburns, goatees, handlebars and crenelated shags? Not here, certainly. But why?

This seemed a question worthy of our Special Suspectors, so we put it up to them, told them to find out why no one loves a beard any more. They set out to snoop and ask questions and mosey around generally in their own way, and in time brought in answers, which we here set down.

"It's not safe to smoke cigarettes with a beard," said one.

"People think you can't afford neckties," said another.

"House of David ran the idea into the ground," said a third.

"Bad riding in automobiles," said a fourth, laconically. "Wind whistling through whiskers makes noise and wakes up sleeping cops."

"No room in modern apartments."

"Can't get your face sunburned."

"No one trusts a bearded man; can't see what he looks like."

"Too many bearded women; no fun any more."

"Razor blade business propaganda."

"No more mustache cups; can't drink coffee."

"Can't swim; fish grab hold."

"No beer, no beards."

They went on like this for a long while, hundreds of reasons. But somehow we failed to be convinced. Secretly we admired beards and the men who dared to wear them, and thought there must be many others who felt the same way but were held back themselves by some mysterious cause which no one understood. We ruminated. Could it be this? Could it be that? No, we were afraid not. Then it struck us, suddenly, forcefully and indisputably.

It is man's only way of protesting woman's nudity. Can he shorten his trousers, lower his collar? He can not. All he can do is keep on showing his bare unlovely face.

Our Bit for the Jobless

INCIDENTALLY, these Special Suspectors are a new idea of ours. So much goes on nowadays that is suspicious that we got a headache trying to unravel all the plots, and decided to get a corps of retired detectives, bootleggers, gangsters and one thing and another, to do the work for us. They do it very well, too. Already the Life Extension Institute has been caught in a diabolical plan to stir up discontent and aid the Communists.

One of our men brought in an advertisement of theirs telling people how to keep healthy. It said to wear light, porous clothing; seek out-of-door occupations and recreations; avoid overeating and overweight; and work, play, rest and sleep in moderation. This must have seemed bitter irony to the unemployed, who follow such advice without ever having to read it, but when they came to the last rule of health, which said, "Keep serene and whole-hearted," they must have seen red.

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The Dwindling Dynasties

By John T. Flynn

Some months ago a little wraith of a woman of eighty-seven dissolved into immortality at Quogue, Long Isand, and passed on to her ineffectual ghost of a sister a hundred million dollars. This bolus of wealth had been accumulating since the days of John Jacob Astor. Here was a fortune grasped in the fingers of the Dead Hand; millions in New York City real estate, ripening and spreading in accordance with a plan laid down by old John Wendell, the founder of the fortune.

More than one red or salmon-colored iconoclast selected the incident as a text to illustrate the relentless march of the dollars into the hands of the House of Have out of the loose fingers of the House of Want. It revealed, they feared, that more sinister force which can breed dynasties even in a democracy.

The bizarre story of this Wendell fortune includes all the weaknesses as well as the strength of this threadbare argument. First of all, this fortune, called so ancient, is after all not so very old, even though it is as old as the most antique of our money bags. John Wendell was a partner of John Jacob Astor. Like Astor, he put all his money into acres on which have grown up since the skyscrapers and hotels and theatres of mid-town New York.

When he died he left his fortune to his son and his six spinster daughters, but in the son's name. He forbade them to marry, lest marriage split up the estate. He forbade them to sell or to lease land for long terms.

The family lived in a faded mansion on Fifth Avenue. Around it grew the city and the civilization that magic city typifies. That growth never touched the Wendells, though it did swell enormously the value of their land. The dust gathered thick over the surface of their creaking dynasty, while the tyrant brother and the weird sisters sank one by one into deeper levels of the dust and became dust themselves, until but a single sister remains. The vast fortune, now a hundred million dollars, which has floated down this sterile river finds itself at the end of its fruitless journey. For the surviving Wendell has made her will, leaving all the money to more than thirty churches and other institutions. She will die; the great fortune will fall apart, and thus will end old John Wendell's crazy idea of a celibate dynasty. And at the end of just two generations.

Occasional social philosophers like to shudder at the way in which money forms into family pools and then gets entailed from one genera-

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tion to another. Yet few of our fortunes are more than a single generation old, fewer still can boast of two generations and the three and four-generation money dynasties can be counted on the fingers of our hands.

EVEN the Astors — one of our oldest fortunes — is older than the Wendell family merely when expressed in terms of generations, but not in actual years. Five generations lead back to John Jacob, the founder, who died in 1848 leaving an estate of $25,000,000. The old fur trader, having developed delusions of dynastic grandeur, left the bulk of his fortune to his son. When the son died in 1890 there were a hundred millions to divide. They went to two sons — $50,000,000 each. The fortune grew amazingly in their hands. One of these sons left $150,000,000 at his death. The other bequeathed $75,000,000. It was all in New York land. The city grew and with it the Astor fortune, without the owners' turning a finger. The $150,000,000 went to William Waldorf Astor. And this fortune he took to England when he put off the corruptible of American citizenship and put on the incorruptible of a British peerage at the customary rates. His brother, John Jacob, remained in our midst. Both these gentlemen have died, leaving their millions to the fifth generation.

The bulk of the Astor fortune remains in America in the hands of William Vincent — better known as Vincent. It is estimated at $87,000,000. There are some collateral branches with stray millions here and there, but, large as it is, the fortune left in America is much smaller than it was twenty years ago, when it was nearly $250,000,000. The Astor fortune has shown the greatest endurance, yet it wanes a little. There was a time when Mrs. William Astor, with the aid of her elegant Prime Minister, Ward McAllister, ruled New York society with an iron hand, and when the size of New York's fresh-hatched nobility was limited to four hundred by the capacity of Mrs. Astor's ball room.

IT IS too much to say that a fortune of so many millions reveals the work of disintegration. It is not too much to say, however, that this Astor fortune has apparently passed its peak. Its increment must proceed from some other source than the creative energy within the family. The force of the acquisitive influence is spent. This is more apparent in that other great dynastic fortune of the Vanderbilts. The founder of that house has been dead about fifty years. When the old Staten Island boatman, who was the "Commodore" of a fleet of ferries, passed on, he left a hundred millions. Ninety millions went to his son William H., and within five years that picturesque and thrifty autocrat could sit in his Fifth Avenue mansion, stroke his Dundreary whiskers, and boast that he was the richest man in the world. He proved it two years later by dying and leaving $200,000,000 to his family. Eight children subject a fortune to enfeebling division. But his sons, Cornelius and William K., got $50,000,000 each.

Now for the moth and the rust. The fortune of Cornelius was divided among his children, but Alfred got the bulk — $80,000,000. When he died it had shrunk to

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$35,000,000. It was split; $5,000,000 to his son William H., $8,000,000 to the widow and the balance to two sons of the second wife. William K. left $100,000,000 to his two children, William Harold and Consuelo. And the latter withdrew her fortune to a ducal dynasty in England. These are still large sums, but it will be seen how time is doing its work on the vast estate of William H. The fortune itself drifts along, robbed of the accumulative vigor of the old Commodore and his son. In their day it was under the dominion of multiplication. Today it is in the grip of division.

ANDREW CARNEGIE was at one time worth $300,000,000. When he died his will disposed of $23,000,000. Half of this went to philanthropy, the remaining half to his wife. His daughter, Mrs. Roswell Miller, had been provided for years before. This provision was generous, but it amounted to little beside the immense mountain of wealth which the old Scot steelmaster had piled up in his life and then industriously levelled. What he gave away it is not easy to say. He gave $125,000,000 to the Carnegie Corporation at the start, and it is generally believed he showered upon it another $300,000,000 before his death.

His partner, Henry Clay Frick, left an estate valued at $150,000,000. Five-sixths of it, or about $117,000,000, went to various public benefactions. His children got a lump sum of $25,000,000, and this was subject to income taxes which reduced it by 40 per cent.

Russell Sage died in 1906 leaving $66,000,000, scraped together after a life-time of penurious money-grabbing. The money went to a widow who proceeded to expend it, almost to rid herself of it, on various kinds of philanthropies. All but about $3,000,000 at her death went to the Russell Sage Foundation and other institutions.

The Gould fortune, as a major bolus of concentrated wealth, has been almost completely dissipated, as has the vast estate of the Armours. Gould has been dead for 35 years. He left to his family $75,000,000, mostly in railroad stocks. Here was another attempt to entail an estate by means of a trust with his son George J. at its head. George attained at one time a great eminence in the railroad world. But his empire began to crumble around his ears. He lost huge sums of his own and his family's money. When he died he left an estate of $30,000,000, further committed to trust, but very much split up — $10,000,000 in trust for seven children by his first wife, $4,000,000 for the three children of his second wife, and the balance in trust for both broods.

THERE are many others. John S. Kennedy, the associate of James J. Hill, supposed to be worth over $60,000,000, left $35,000,000 to charity, split $15,000,000 among numerous relatives and left the balance to his widow. Altman, the great merchant, left all but about $9,000,000 of a $40,000,000 fortune to the Altman Foundation and the Metropolitan Museum. Frank Munsey left practically all of his fortune to the Metropolitan. The great fortune of Mark Hopkins, vastly reduced by folly and bad management,

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is dissipated, save a few millions which drifted into the hands of a clerk. John W. Sterling left $20,000,000, and almost all of it will come into the hands of Yale. Some millionaires leave too many children. Others leave none and lavish their wealth on charities and foundations. Recently, C. F. Ruggles, the penurious old hermit lumber baron of Michigan, died and left $50,000,000 to numerous philanthropies. Almost at the same time Tom Slick, that audacious oil wildcatter, dropped suddenly out of life, without a child, leaving $75,000,000 to his aged mother.

Of course, it is not contended that all the family fortunes are either extinct or facing immediate extinction. There are many families who hold their fortunes intact or have increased them. There was the late Simon Guggenheim, who died in 1905, leaving $50,000,000 which his sons multiplied ten times. There was P. A. B. Widener, whose fortune of $60,000,000 is settled in trust for seventy years. There was Frederick Weyerhauser, the rich lumberman, who many have said was richer than John D. Rockefeller, and whose son holds that vast fortune. There are the sons of old Nicholas Brady and Edmund C. Converse and J. P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller. But two generations do not make a dynasty. And if J. P. Morgan can take up the labors of his colossal father and bear them, there is plenty of time for a Morgan to appear who, like Otto Kahn's son, may prefer to play a saxophone, or like General Vanderbilt's son, write articles for tabloid newspapers.

A two-day sensation was produced recently by ex-Ambassador Gerard, when he published a list of fifty-nine gentlemen who are supposed to own America. By a curious chance I was at the moment busy making a similar list of notables, who, if Mr. Gerard's dubious definition of ownership were adopted, might be said to have owned America ninety years ago. Many critics assailed Mr. Gerard's list. Some disagreed with its personnel. Others questioned whether the fifty-nine really controlled America. For myself the list had a different significance.

The reader may be interested in the list of twenty-seven business leaders of ninety years ago who corresponded to Mr. Gerard's House of Lords today. Here they are with their wealth stated:

John Jacob Astor	$25,000,000
William B. Astor	5,000,000
Henry Brevoort	1,000,000
William B. Crosby	1,500,000
James Lennox	3,000,000
Gouverneur Morris	1,000,000
Peter Schermerhorn	2,500,000
Peter G. Stuyvesant	4,000,000
Stephen Van Rensselaer	10,000,000

These were land barons in New York. There were also some bankers. They were:

Isaac Bronson	$1,000,000
John Mason	1,500,000

There were some traders — merchant-adventurers of the old school in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. They were:

Jonathan Hunt, New York	$1,000,000
Stephen Girard, Philadelphia	7,500,000
John Bohlen, "	1,250,000
Samuel Appleton, Boston	1,000,000
Peter C. Brooks	6,500,000
John Bryant	1,500,000

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John P. Cushing.....	$2,500,000
Thomas H. Perkins.....	1,500,000
Robert G. Shaw.....	1,000,000

There were the Lawrences, Amos and Abbot, worth $5,000,000, manufacturers, something new; and there was David Sears of Boston, something newer still, a millionaire stockholder, the progenitor of the race now represented by Arthur Curtis James. There were two others — novelties in their way — Jacob Little, the first professional security speculator, the first bear and possessor of the dubious glory of inventing the short sale; and August Belmont, just arrived from Cuba, the agent of the Rothschilds, first of that line of bankers to handle the flood of foreign funds into our railroad and utility investments.

Now, having read that list, look again through the roster of Mr. Gerard, if you have it handy. There is not a single descendant of the names on that ninety-year-old list who qualifies for the roll of the nation's business leaders today.

No Whitneys, no Vanderbilts, no Astors, no Rhinelanders, no Van Rensselaers, no Schermerhorns, no Brevoorts. Mr. Gerard names a few second generation men — John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Andrew W. Mellon, Frederick E. Weyerhauser, J. P. Morgan, William H. Crocker, now chiefly a banker but an inheritor of the Southern Pacific millions of his father; Arthur Curtis James, heir to a vast mining fortune; the Guggenheims. There is not a single three-generation man on the list.

Some of the names on my old list are familiar. The descendants of some of these men are still among our wealthiest families. But this only serves to show that while they may retain much of the wealth piled up by thrifty ancestors, they do not continue to exercise a control over our industrial or financial affairs. The wealth may remain, but it is no longer dynamic. Its fecundity is enormously diminished. Its possessors are merely rich men; they are not powerful men. Still less are they dominant leaders.

The corporation has been loaded with the reproaches of the outraged proletarian as the author of great social inequalities. No one has thought of it as the enemy of dynasties. Yet such it may turn out to be.

A social phenomenon of the first importance is the fall of land as an object of continuous investment and hence its displacement as a maker of dynastic houses. The oldest fortunes in America are land fortunes — the Rhinelanders, the Goelets, the Astors, the Brevoorts. When the cornerstones of these fortunes were laid land was the great means of surplus investment. That is no longer so. The land is passing into the hands of corporations, like everything else. Millions are being made in land today. But they are being made not by patient investors who wait out the decades, but by what are called operators who play for quick turnovers. The business man of today who has surplus funds to invest puts them into corporate securities.

But, oddly enough, the industrial magnate does not put all his funds into the corporation which he builds and rules. Individual families who own great business enterprises are eager to be rid of them. This is one

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of the secrets of the growing number of mergers. A huge business enterprise is a perilous piece of property. It can not be sold as a whole. It is surrounded by dangers which proceed from this swift-moving and shifting age. It may be a good business today and a devouring liability tomorrow. You may be a great corset manufacturer one year; the next year you are a bankrupt because the ladies suddenly decide to take them off. You may be a bicycle king one year and the defendant in a receivership suit tomorrow. Where are the buggy whip and harness and lamp chimney and coal stove and flannel underwear magnates of yesteryear? And so the wise millionaire owner forms his business into a corporation and takes the public in as partners. He holds perhaps a small minority of the stock. His investments are spread around in countless prosperous corporations which he does not pretend to control. He can rule his own business as long as he is fit and virile. But if he lags or grows weary, and certainly when he dies, other stronger men step in and seize the control.

THE Vanderbilts once owned the New York Central. There is still a Vanderbilt on the board, but the family share of the stock is about six per cent.

Once Mark Hopkins, Leland Stanford, Huntington and Crocker owned and ruled the Southern Pacific. Their families are utterly out of this road. E. H. Harriman took it from Huntington's widow, and now Harriman's control is gone.

Old John Garrett ruled the Baltimore and Ohio, but stronger men lifted it out of the feeble fingers of his son.

Last year, the Van Sweringens voted Finley J. Shepard, Helen Gould's husband, off the board of the Missouri Pacific. That marked the very end of Gould's ambitious transcontinental line, made up of a dozen roads joined together. One by one those roads slipped out of the Gould hands.

MORGAN'S son still heads the old thunderer's banking house. Guggenheim's sons still dominate his copper empire. Brady's son controlled his utility interests until his recent death. Weyerhauser's son is still a power in lumber. One might name other exceptions. But after all these are only second generation men. And, moreover, they are exceptions. The series of steel mergers we have just witnessed marks the passing from their small autocracies of steel families like the Mathers and Bournes and Donners, just as the earlier United States Steel merger deprived of their petty crowns a score of old steel barons like Gates and Moore and Reid and Percival and Buffington and Edenborn.

American fortunes do not yield easily to the process of entailment. They have a way of being broken up by the corroding forces of inheritances, bequests, philanthropy, taxes and bad management. A few survive. But they are very few and do not survive long. And even where they survive they cease to dominate the industries out of which they grew. Our present great industries are controlled by new fortunes. Our present millionaires are for the most part new ones whose fortunes will in time

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yield to the same influences. The corporation has become the foe of the dynasty and we are therefore in little danger of the rise of an industrial autocracy — a bogy so often held up before our frightened eyes.

Meantime another phenomenon is in evidence. Perhaps it is true that the rich are growing richer. But the characters in that social group we call "the rich" are constantly shifting. And the poorer are far from growing poorer. Slowly the share in the national income of the employees grows more than that of the employers. Dr. King reports that in 1917 the employers' income was $25,529,000, the employees' $25,802,000. But in 1928, while the employers got $38,296,000, the employees got $51,123,000. And remember that the great bulk of those employees are just little fellows. Those who have incomes of over $150,000 in the aggregate collect $1,388,000,000 in a year, against an income of $88,000,000,000 of the smaller incomes. It is out of this $88,000,000,000 that the funds proceed which are piling up in the savings banks, insurance and trust companies and individual stock purchases which are really owning America.

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Recollections of Mark Twain

By Clara Clemens

Part II—Love Letters of the Humorist

At the distance now of many years, I am able to review the scene of my youth and enjoy its charm illuminated by other footlights. It was remarkable that two people like my father and mother, possessing highly sensitive and emotional natures, managed so to live that in my memory few discords stand out and those few of but a superficial nature. The explanation is that a great love existed between them. It was so beautifully expressed in letters written by Mark Twain to Olivia Langdon during their engagement that I will quote from them. Father was evidently visiting in his fiancée's home in Elmira when he wrote the following note, which doubtless he sent to her room that evening.

"It is the sweetest face in all the world, Livy. Today in the drawing-room, and tonight on the sofa when Miss Mary was playing — and afterward when you were sewing lace and I saw you from the front yard through the window — these several times today, this face has amazed me with its sweetness and I have felt so thankful that God has given into my charge the dear office of chasing the shadows away and coaxing the sunshine to play about it always. It is such a darling face, Livy! — and such a darling little girlish figure — and such a dainty baby-hand! And to think that with all this exquisite comeliness should be joined such rare and beautiful qualities of mind and heart, is a thing that is utterly incomprehensible. Livy, you are as kind and good and sweet and unselfish and just, and truthful, and sensible and intellectual as the homeliest woman I ever saw (for you know that these qualities belong peculiarly to homely women). I have so longed for these qualities in my wife, and have so grieved because she would have to be necessarily a marvel of ugliness — I who do so worship beauty. But with a good fortune which is a very miracle, I have secured all these things in my little wife to be — and beauty — beauty beyond any beauty that I ever saw in a face before."

Evidently Father attended church faithfully during this period, but not always with true religious feeling, as the following letter shows:

"Livy darling:

"I attended church this morning

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in a warm drizzling rain. It was the West and boyhood brought back again, vividly. It was as if twenty-five years had fallen away from me like a garment and I was a lad of eleven again in my Missouri village church of that ancient time. There was the high pulpit, with the red plush pillow for the Bible; the hair cloth sofa behind it, and the distinguished visiting minister from the great town a hundred miles away — gray hair pushed up and back in the stern intellectual Jacksonian way — spectacles on forehead — ponderous reflection going on behind them such as the village would expect to see indexed there; and likewise an imperfectly hidden consciousness of being the centre of public gaze and interest.

"THERE were the stiff pews; the black velvet contribution purses attached to long poles; flanking the pulpit, the tall windows and Venetian blinds; the gallery, with ascending seats, opposite the pulpit; six boys scattered through it with secret spit-ball designs on the bald-headed men dozing below; the wheezy melodeon in the gallery-front; the old maid behind it in severe simplicity of dress, the gay young soprano beside her in ribbons and curls and feathers; the quiet alto; the grim, middle-aged bass; the smirking, ineffable tenor (tenors are always conceited).

"The choir hurled its soul into a 'voluntary' — one of those things where the melodeon pumps, and strains, and groans and wails a bit, and then the soprano pipes a reedy solo, the alto drops in a little after, then the bass bursts in, then the pealing tenor — then a grand discordant confusion that sets one's teeth on edge — and finally a triumphant 'Oh, praise the L-o-r-d!' in a unison of unutterable anguish — and the crime is consummated. It was Herod's slaughter of the babes set to music.

"THEN there was a hymn. It was read by the local minister. He put a full stop, with strong emphasis and falling inflection, in the middle and at the end of every line — thus:

Come, thou FOUNT. Of every BLESSING.
Tune my HEART. To sing thy PRAISE.
Streams of MERCY. Never CEASING.
Call for SONGS. Of loudest PRAISE.

"Presently he gave out another hymn, beginning 'Oh, for a sweet, inspiring ray' —

"And it was old times all over again, the way the choir raved and roared around that victim and pulled and hauled it and rent and flayed it. You should have heard the tenor do the first line —

"'Ow fra sus-weet insp-hiring rye.'

"The distinguished minister took his text — he was the agent of a great missionary board — and proceeded to read his moving, argumentative, statistical appeal for money, to the thirty people in the house on this rainy, unpropitious day. That is, he did this after the local minister had read sixteen 'notices' of Sunday-school and Bible class and church and sewing-society and other meetings, but I could not see that anybody listened to them. However, they never do.

"With the first sentence of the sermon the three or four old white-headed men and women bent forward to listen intently; the deaf man put his hand up to his ear; a deacon's eyelids drooped; a young girl near

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me stole a furtive look at a photograph between the leaves of her hymn-book; a little wee girl gaped and stretched, and then nestled against her mother's shoulder in a way which said: 'We got to stay here ever so long, now'; one boy got out a peanut and contemplated it, as if he had an idea of cracking it under cover of some consumptive's cough the first time he got a chance; another boy began to catch imaginary flies; the boys in the gallery began to edge together, with evil in their eyes; and the engaged couple in front of me began to whisper and laugh behind a hymn-book, and then straighten up and look steadily at the minister and pat each other clandestinely. . . .

"The missionary appeal concluded, the sexton and the deacon went around, while the choir wailed, and collected seventy cents for the carrying of glad tidings of great joy to the lost souls of Farther India."

FATHER'S humorous and playful moods were not absent during the months preceding his marriage, for he wrote to his sister in this vein from Elmira, where he was evidently on a visit in the home of his lady-love. His sister at this time lived in San Francisco with his parents and his brother Orion. The subject of his letter, of course, was Livy. As an aside, I must explain that there was a large hot-house on the property owned by my grandmother which was richly filled with all possible kinds of flowers. And these flowers were generously distributed among friends on every sort of occasion, one of which prompted this letter:

"I have been outraging Livy's feelings again. She is trying to cure me of making dreadful speeches, as she calls them. In the middle of winter when I was here, we had a 'run' on the hot-house for a day or two — which is to say, an unusual lot of people died and their families came to get roses and things to decorate the coffins with, and at the end of the week there were hardly a dozen flowers of any kind left. Charlie (Livy's brother) and I made a good many jokes about it and thus horrified Livy. But a while ago I came in with a first-rate air of dejection, and heaved a vast sigh. It trapped Livy into a burst of anxious solicitude, and she wanted to know what the matter was. I said: 'I have been in the hot house and there is a perfect world of flowers in bloom — and we haven't a confounded corpse!' I guess Orion will appreciate that. I don't like to fool Livy this way, and don't do it often, but sometimes her simplicity is so tempting I can't resist the inclination. I wish you could see that girl — the first time I ever saw her I said she was the most beautiful creature in the world, and I haven't altered my opinion yet. I take as much pride in her happy and equable disposition as I do in her brains."

THE following letter was written to his great friend Joseph Twichell, the clergyman:

"New York, Nov. 28, 1868.

"My dear J. H.

"Sound the loud timbrel! — and let yourself out to your most prodigious capacity — for I have fought the good fight and lo! I have won! Refused three times — warned to

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quit once — accepted at last! — and beloved! — Great Cæsar's ghost! If there were a church in town with a steeple high enough to make it an object, I would go out and jump over it. And I persecuted her parents for forty-eight hours, and at last they couldn't stand the siege any longer and so they made a conditional surrender: which is to say, if she makes up her mind thoroughly and eternally, and I prove that I have done nothing criminal or particularly shameful in the past, and establish a good character in the future, and settle down, I may take the sun out of their domestic firmament, the angel out of their fireside heaven. (Thunders of applause.)

"She felt the first symptoms last Sunday — my lecture Monday night brought the disease to the surface — all day Tuesday and at night she avoided me and would not do more than be simply polite to me because her parents said NO absolutely (almost) — Wednesday they capitulated and marched out with their side-arms — Wednesday night she said over and over and over again that she loved me but was sorry she did and hoped it would yet pass away — Thursday I was telling her what splendid, magnificent fellows you and your wife were, and when my enthusiasm got the best of me and the tears sprang to my eyes she just jumped up and said she was glad and proud she loved me! — and Friday night I left (to save her sacred name from the tongues of the gossips) — and the last thing she said was: 'Write immediately and just as often as you can!' Hurrah! (Hurricanes of applause.) There's the history of it.

"Oh, no there isn't any persistence about me — certainly not. But I am so happy I want to scalp somebody.

"My fervent love to you both. I walk in the clouds again. I bow my reverent head — thy blessing!

Mark."

After the wedding-day had been set, Father wrote to his fiancée:

"Livy, my precious little darling, I am as happy as a King, now that it is settled and I can count the exact number of days that are to intervene before we are married. I am full of thankfulness and the world looks bright and happy ahead. On the fourth day of February, one year after the date of our engagement, we shall step together out into the broad world to tread its devious paths together till the journey of life is done and the great peace of eternity descends upon us like a benediction. We shall never be separated on earth, Livy; and let us pray that we may not be in heaven. This February 4 will be the mightiest day in the history of our lives, the holiest, and the most generous toward us both — for it makes of two fractional lives a whole; it gives to two purposeless lives a work, and doubles the strength of each whereby to perform it; it gives to two questioning natures a reason for living, and something to live for; it will give a new gladness to the sunshine, a new fragrance to the flowers, a new mystery to life; and, Livy, it will give a new revelation to love, a new depth to sorrow, a new impulse to worship. In that day the scales will fall from our eyes and we shall look upon a new world. Speed it!"

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Shortly before the wedding this note was sent:

"Boston.

"Darling, it is midnight. House full — I made a handsome success — I know that, no matter whether the papers say so in the morning or not. I am dreadfully tired and will go to bed now. Livy, dear, I have bought full wedding outfit today (haven't got a cent left). And occasionally the packages will arrive by express directed simply to J. Langdon, Elmira. Now your mother must unpack them and put them away for me and be sure not to let Mr. Langdon go wearing them around. I tell you, they are starchy."

And then came a birthday letter: "This is your birthday, darling, and you are twenty-four. May you treble your age in happiness and peace, and I be with you to love you and cherish you all the long procession of years! I have kept this day and honored this anniversary alone, in solitary state — the anniversary of an event which was happening when I was a giddy school-boy a thousand miles away, playing heedlessly all that day, and sleeping heedlessly all that night, unconscious that it was the mightiest day that had ever winged its viewless hours over my head — unconscious that on that day two journeys were begun, wide as the poles apart, two paths marked out, which, wandering and wandering, now far and now near, were still narrowing, always narrowing toward one point and one blessed consummation, and these the goal of twenty-four years' marching! — unconscious I was, on that day of my heedless boyhood, that an event had just transpired so tremendous that without it all my future life had been a sullen pilgrimage, but with it that same future was saved! — a sun had just peered above the horizon which should rise and shine out of the zenith upon those coming years and fill them with light and warmth, with peace and blessedness, for all time."

A couple of years after the marriage when they were settled in Hartford, Conn., Father felt obliged to go on a lecture tour for practical reasons. At all times of his life he detested the thought of lecturing, and yet when actually on the stage he almost always succeeded in electrifying himself to the point of pleasure. It interested him to note the difference in audiences — the way they received his jokes or humorous anecdotes. Sometimes in spite of all the ingenuity and subtle tricks at his command, he would utterly fail to make an audience see a point. But there was one bit of an anecdote that never failed to bring bursts of laughter — laughter that spread into uproars of mirth. He describes the ride of a cowboy on a particularly vicious bucking horse; finally the rider, telling his own experience, says: "Well, that horse gave such a buck-jump at last that it sent me out of the saddle up and up — and up so high I came across birds I never saw before. I kep' on going and just missed the top of a steeple. And when I got back the horse — was gone."

The lecturer knew the full value of a pause and had the courage to make a long one when required for a big effect. And his inimitable drawl-

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ing speech, which he often lost in private life, greatly increased the humorous effect on the stage. People in the house, including men, got hysterical. Cries that resembled the cries of pain could often be heard. It always seemed to me the greatest possible achievement to make a house rock with mirth. And I believe that Mark Twain was often elated by it himself. His cheeks and eyes glowed with color that resembled tinted sparks.

BEFORE closing this period I will quote from three or four letters. Father at last received a miniature from his fiancée for which he had been pleading in vain:

Cleveland, Jan. 22.

"Oh, Livy darling, I could just worship that picture, it is so beautiful. I am a hundred thousand times obliged to you for it. I think I would perish before I would part with it. But its beauty startles me — it somehow makes me afraid. It makes me feel a sort of awe — and affects me like a superstition. For it is more than human, Livy — it is an angel-beauty — something not of earth — something above the earth and its grossness. There is that deep spiritual look in the eyes — that far-away look that I have noted before when I wondered in my secret heart if you were not communing with the inhabitants of another sphere, a grander, a nobler world than ours. . . . I don't wonder that it makes you sad to think of leaving such a home, Livy, and such household gods — for there is no other home in all the world like it — no household gods so lovable as yours anywhere. And I shall feel like a heartless highway robber when I take you away from there — (but I must do it, Livy, I must).

"Yet I shall so strive all the days of my life to make you happy, and shall try so hard to walk as you do, in the light and the love of God, that some of the bitterness of your exile shall be spared you. Oh, they never would cease to miss you, darling — they —

"I'll not read that passage again for an hour! — for it makes the tears come into my eyes every time, in spite of myself. You shall visit them so often they can not well know you are an absentee. You shall never know the chill that comes upon me sometimes when I feel that long absence has made me a stranger in my own home — not that I ever seem a stranger to my mother and sister and my brother, for their love knows no change, no modification — but I see them taking delight in things that are new to me, and which I do not comprehend or take an interest in; I see them heart-and-heart with people I do not know, and so I can only look in upon their world without entering; and I turn me away with a dull, aching consciousness that long exile has lost to me that haven of rest, that pillow of weariness, that refuge from care, trouble and pain, that type and symbol of heaven, HOME — and then away down in my heart of hearts I yearn for the days that are gone and the phantoms of the olden time — for the faces that are vanished; for the voices that were music to my ear; for the restless feet that have gone out into the darkness, to return no more forever!

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"But you shall not know this great blank, this awful vacancy, this something missed, something lost which is felt but can not be described, this solemn, mysterious desolation. No, with my experience, I should dread to think of your old home growing strange to you. . . . Don't be sad, Livy, we'll model our home after the old home, and make the Spirit of Love lord over all the realm. Smile again, Livy, and be of good heart. Turn toward the Cross and be comforted — I turn with you — What would you more? The peace of God shall rest upon us, and all will be well.

"And you had a delightful philosophy lesson, Livy — and wished that we might study it together some day. It is the echo of a wish that speaks in my heart many and many a time. I think, sometimes, how pleasant it would be to sit, just us two, long winter evenings, and study together and read favorite authors aloud and comment on them and so imprint them upon our memories. It is so unsatisfactory to read a noble passage and have no one you love at hand to share the happiness with you. And it is unsatisfactory to read to one's self anyhow — for the uttered voice so heightens the expression. I think you and I would never tire of reading together."

EXTRACTS from the following letter show Mark Twain in an unexpected rôle. They also give evidence of his warm nature and its ability to expand to the needs of his comrades:

"Fort Plain, Dec. 19.

"My dearest Livy,

"Here at dead of night I seem to hear the murmur of the far Pacific — and mingled with the music of the surf melody of an old familiar hymn is sounding in my ear. It comes like a remembered voice — like the phantom of a form that is gone, a face that is no more. You know the hymn — it is *Oh, Refresh Us*. It haunts me now because I am thinking of a steadfast friend whose death I have just learned through the papers — a friend whose face must always appear before me when I think of that hymn — the Reverend Franklin Rising. I hear he was lost in the late disaster on the Ohio River. He was rector of the Episcopal church in Virginia City, Nevada — a noble young fellow — and for three years, there, he and I were fast friends. I used to try to teach him how to preach in order to get at the better natures of the rough population about him, and he used to try hard to learn — for I knew them and he did not; he was refined and sensitive and not intended for such a people as that.

"Afterwards I stumbled on him in the Sandwich Islands, where he was travelling for his health, and we so arranged it as to return to San Francisco in the same ship. We were at sea five Sundays. He felt it his duty to preach, but of the fifteen passengers, none even pretended to sing, and he was so diffident that he hardly knew how he was to get along without a choir.

"I said 'Go ahead — I'll stand by you — I'll be your choir' — And he did go ahead — and I was his choir. But we could find only one hymn that I knew. It was, *Oh, Refresh Us*. Only one, and so for five Sundays in succession he stood in

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the midst of the assembled people on the quarter-deck and gave out that same hymn twice a day, and I stood up solitary and alone and sang it! And then he went right along happy and contented and preached his sermon. We were together all the time — pacing the deck night and day — there was no other congenial company. He tried earnestly to bring me to a knowledge of the true God. In return, I read his manuscripts and made suggestions for their emendation. We got along well together.

"A month ago, after so long a separation, he saw by *The Tribune* that I was at the Everett House, and came to leave his card — I was out and did not see him. It was the last opportunity I was ever to have on earth, for his wanderings are done, now. The glories of heaven are about him, and in his ears its mysterious music is sounding — but to me comes no vision but a lonely ship in a great solitude of sky and water; and into my ears come no sounds but the complaining of the waves and the softened cadences of that simple old hymn — but oh, Livy, it comes freighted with infinite pathos! Tunes are good remembrancers. Almost everyone I am familiar with, summons instantly a face when I hear it. It is so with the *Marseillaise*, with *Bonnie Doon* and scores of others."

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The Russian Dilemma

By S. Stanwood Menken

Why I Favor Recognition

Recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States, to be effective, must be sanctioned by a treaty, the terms of which should make such recognition conditioned upon satisfactory assurance by Russia of (a) an absolute and continuous abstention from any Communistic propaganda in this country, either directly or through affiliated agencies; (b) the payment in full for American property appropriated by it; and (c) the payment of all external debts owed to Americans at the beginning of the Russian Revolution.

Primarily, my reason for urging recognition is founded in the belief that it is essential insurance of world peace and world economic balance. My advocacy of recognition of Russia, which has been extended by most of the nations of Europe, is based on the conviction that the Stalin Government is so strongly entrenched as to qualify as a stable (*de facto*) Government within the meaning of international law. It had never been our diplomatic policy to inquire into the internal affairs, the political creed or the moral standards of a country prior to recognition, until Mr. Wilson assumed that prerogative in regard to Mexico. That Americans readily condemn every principle of Communism and its fantastic activities against human life, individual liberty and sacredness of religion, and stand aghast at the horror which has marked its control, does not seem to be conclusive as to the question of recognition. We know that despite all the despotism of the Soviets, they have with startling demagogic appeal created a revivalist spirit of patriotism, a willingness to give "until it hurts" for Russia, among upwards of two million highly organized Communists. And they, notwithstanding the fact that they have no truly representative government, are dedicating their lives to the single purpose of upbuilding their country, regardless of individual sacrifice or discomfort.

In considering Russia and the stability of its present control, we must bear in mind that since 1917, when Kerensky came into power, it had had four years of foreign and civil war, six years of internal political conflict, and less than three years of peace to carry forward Stalin's policies, call them constructive or destructive as you will. It is since

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Stalin's control of Russia that its policies and performances should be considered. How far Stalin's five-year new economic plan has or will succeed is impossible of exact appraisal or confident prophecy. His problem is the most complex that ever tried the resources of a ruler. He has a vast empire to reconstruct, covering a tremendous territory, with 140,000,000 people, speaking twenty-six different languages, of diverse origin and traditions. Many, many millions of these people are hardly a generation out of serfdom and bear the dark impress of their bondage. All, even the educated class of Russians, because of lack of true political training for generations, are poorly prepared for even the normal responsibilities of democratic government. Thus are made far more difficult and comprehensive the problems of government.

WE ARE conscious of political errors due to premature universal enfranchisement in the more enlightened countries, and can not justly criticize the denial, by the present régime in Russia, of full political privileges. In fact, by those who know the history of Russia, its prior and present social conditions and the unevenness of life there under the Czars, with the extremes of luxury, enlightenment, general culture and benevolence on the one hand, and the poverty, ignorance and cruel oppression on the other, with the masses struggling under low standards of living, except where relieved by the far-sightedness of a few industrialists, it may be said that Russia was a land of extremes, a social and governmental anachronism ready for revolution. Class, landed estates, church oligarchy, were all barriers which any revolution would have wisely destroyed to make way for new conditions. But we stand aghast at the injustice and needless cruelty and brutality which marked the procedure of Communists in so doing. Their crudities still horrify us so that the impulse of the average American is to say to Russia, waiting for recognition, "You are unclean and anti-Christ, and we will have no conversation with you."

THIS view can not be passed by, notwithstanding our knowledge of the many excesses incident to other revolutions, though all political upsets bring incidental injustices; nor is it to be ignored, nor can we listen to a plea of tolerance for them because of the many faults of omission and commission of our own people. It is true that we have been guilty of errors, such as the extermination of the Indian as a race, toleration of the vice of Negro slavery, appropriation of the property of the Revolutionary Tories, the refusal of our Southern States to pay their external debts, the perpetuation of graft in many guises, and general disregard for law and order such as now prevails; but with it all we have consistently preserved civil liberty, property rights and representative government, and have been animated by principles so high, and have accomplished so much for the common weal, that our misdeeds are but minor incidents in the progress of national achievement. Russia, on the contrary, is still perhaps to a lesser degree under Stalin than before,

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reminding us of the iron hands of despotism, and causing many fair-minded persons to doubt whether the more benevolent purposes of social betterment will find accomplishment.

WHY, then, advocate the recognition of Russia under present conditions? My answer is, as stated above, that under the conditions outlined Russia should be recognized because it has a stable *de facto* Government. Our refusal to receive it into the family of nations does not tend to its extinction, nor in any way contribute to the negation of its existence. Secondly, Russia has great power for good or evil, for peace or war, and, with its vast resources, is a vital factor in world economics. For thirteen years we have barred Soviet Russia from our doors diplomatically, and yet observing travellers there generally admit that its régime is stronger today than ever before. Much of the cruelty of the Soviets is deemed by these same observers to be history. True, there are evidences of the bitter working of their absolute control over life and property; but are not those conditions their domestic affair, to be remedied by them in their own way in the processes of national upbuilding?

Believing in the power of patriotism when roused to fever heights, and the force of organized effort to carry national objectives forward under the direction of stoic central authority, I can see Russia, in spite of its past, ultimately achieving to the great benefit of its people.

In the course of time it must change its basic political principles and practices, provide for truly representative government, property rights, home life and, above all, for religion, without which no people can be truly patriotic; but the right to work out the evolution of their revolution is theirs, not ours. No man is "good enough to be another man's keeper," and no nation has the prerogative to dictate the morals, the religion or the political creed of another, nor should a truly great republic, strong in belief in its own system of government, in creed of property rights and civil liberties, be afraid of intercourse with the less fortunate or enlightened peoples of the earth or to aid them by contact and example. In fact, a broad sense of humanity imposes definite obligations.

IN URGING the movement for recognition, however, I am primarily influenced by practical considerations, the welfare of the people of the United States and of Europe. Early in August, 1930, speaking in Paris, I took occasion, having knowledge from European authorities of conditions brought about by the production and sale by Russia of certain raw materials (such as grain, pulpwood, oil, flax, and cotton), to discuss the economic menace of Russia, pointing out the obvious fact that as the producing plant, farm or factory costs them nothing except for new equipment, and as their labor was employed on a wage sufficient merely to maintain them on a low standard of living, Russia was in a position to undersell both Europe and America as to many raw materials. Their inefficiency in manufacture, in spite of the import of skilled foreign workers and fore-

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men, made the danger less as to finished products, but even these goods were creating a distinct measure of unrest. I urged that either the United States and European Powers other than Russia must create a tariff against Russian goods, and against goods into which Russian raw materials enter, or face the destruction of prices and the lowering of living standards in countries affected by competition. International jealousies make general European customs unions against Russia unlikely, nor would our entry into such an entangling affair be free from difficulty. So we should meet the issue by dealing with Russia and treating the menace of its products in our own way. Diplomatic recognition must be a preliminary to any conventions with them.

THERE is, however, a far greater menace in Russia than that of its products which, after all, affect only our industries. It is the peril of war and a renewal of world conflagration. Russia has the largest standing army in Europe, with substantial air forces, and while there is the question of its efficiency as a great fighting machine, the best evidence indicates that Russian soldiers are a power not to be ignored. In discussing this threat of war, it is fair to state that the best information coming from Russia is to the effect that the Stalin régime does not want war at present, for it would destroy the five-year economic programme; but in the mean time they are maintaining the army and its equipment to the exclusion of other favored objectives. The Russian soldiers are the best fed and clothed of their citizens. The existence of this army and knowledge of its power keep Poland, Finland, Latvia and Esthonia alert and on the defensive, while Germany, unarmed, is fully awake to its danger.

FURTHERMORE, the Russians have a mental complex that all the world, including the United States, wants to war on them, and though the view may be absurd, it serves to create a public demand for the maintenance of their armed forces. We know that historically the Russians resort to war, as they did when they engaged Japan, to divert attention from internal difficulties, and we can readily sense the possibility of irresponsible Soviet leaders declaring war to cover their own shortcomings, to save a régime, or to bring about disorder to enhance opportunities for extension of Communistic control in new fields. The less we trust their Government the greater should we appraise this menace. The Soviet purpose is world conquest for Communism, and there must be reasons for the sacrifices they are making in maintaining so great a force. Its size can not be justified on the ground that it is merely a defensive body or one requisite for the maintenance of internal order.

Neither the United States nor Russia, two of the most populous nations of the earth, are in the League of Nations, and they have not those diplomatic relations through which the voice of public opinion in the United States might be made articulate in time of difficulty. Our influence is of great import spiritually, and if we would prevent world con-

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flict we should equip ourselves with the right to speak for peace in time of international crises.

I believe that in spite of the Communist creed, the United States is the ideal of the thinking people of Russia. We are also their recognized standard of agricultural and industrial efficiency, and as they react from the excesses of revolution they will loosen the bonds of political despotism and look to us as an example, as have the other great republics of the earth.

A generation is but a day in the life of a nation. For Russia with its intermingled races, its history, its denials of opportunity, we might measure a generation as but an hour. The processes of national upbuilding are slow. Nations are great because of the character and stability of the people, and, as with individuals, it is not ease and comfort which develop power, but hardship and adversity. The Russian people have suffered and are suffering severely, but it is the very sacrifices which they are making that will best assure them a distinctive place among the other peoples of the earth. The Russians of today have a great work to do for the civilization of succeeding generations. They are the neighbors of the Far East.

Let us who are fully aware of their errors and wrong-doing, of their hopes, their aspirations, and the possibilities and the true greatness of the Russian people, stand ready to give full heed to the cry of its great human masses with help and understanding. This can not be done hastily. The steps of diplomacy are slow. Recognition can not come at once — in all probability not for two or more years. But it is now time for the formulation of American public opinion and for a decision which I am confident will accord with our best traditions.

(*N.B.*: In view of the manifest embarrassment which my chance interview favoring Russian recognition has caused certain organizations with which I am identified, I would appreciate it being understood that my views are individual and do not in any way reflect the attitude of any of my associates. — S. S. M.)

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The Lone Ace

By Dorothy Black

Every year they offered to transfer Nap Wolfe, or send him home for the Rainy Season. Every year he thanked them, but put in an application for an extension to remain where he was. After five years the powers-that-be grew so worried about him that they sent chaps up at intervals to have a look at Nap, but these returned reporting him in excellent health and spirits, and in full possession of all his faculties. No signs of rot had set in, nor had he taken unto himself a native wife; though that was hardly to be wondered at, for what with local customs and one thing and another, the women of the hills were no treat to any man.

So the powers-that-be lay low, and said no more, for Nap's was a job for which there was never any competition, and the list of those who retired on proportionate pension rather than risk it, was growing. The blue sky stretched like an empty dome from hills to hills, with on the one side the Palaungs and on the other side the Nagas, just waiting for a chance to pay off age-long scores. And all that was between them and their desire was Nap, and his little camp behind the stockade, on the river bank. The stockade was there to keep out wild animals — and other things — but never in Nap's time, had they got down to violence. It was the aim of every well set-up Naga to have a head of some neighboring tribe hung up at his door post, and it was the ambition of every go-ahead Palaung to filch a Naga woman and make her his household drudge; but apart from these foibles they were a law-abiding, if lousy, lot, and dwelt in peace according to their lights, with an occasional murder or flood; and Nap's visits and advice all that they had to break the tediousness of their day.

There was nothing to be heard week in, week out, save the howl of the wind in the gorges or the strident cry of minas in the bamboos, or the scream of a passing flock of green parrots. Nap ruled supreme, a tall young man with reddish hair, and a pair of very blue eyes that could be cruelly cold and cynical, or snapping with amusement. He held monthly courts and administered rough justice, and dispensed free medicine and advice, and enjoyed himself quite a lot; though he never could stifle a conviction that it was rather futile to make a fuss over a murder or so, in a land where life was so cheap — where tigers, outside the reach of the law, prowled where it suited them,

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and the jaws of the crocodile were always waiting, and a sudden rising of the river would wipe out a whole village in a night, with but few people the sorrier or the wiser. And though he might interfere between the Nagas and the Palaungs when he happened to be passing on Mondays, Wednesdays or Fridays, he knew quite well it was business as usual on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, when his back was turned. Indeed there were times when he felt like a gardener endeavoring to keep a vast shrubbery in order and nothing to do it with but a pair of nail scissors.

HE WAS a strange young man, rather reserved and morose, but his trouble was that he had struck a snag years ago, in the form of a nice girl called Theo, who came out to marry him in Rangoon, but unfortunately got off the boat with somebody else at Colombo, as girls will, leaving Nap with a perfectly useless wedding cake on his hands in the hot weather, and a wound in his pride so large that ten years had not healed it. When people asked him why he, a young man, was content to sit up there on the frontier year in, year out, his blue eyes would harden and he would say, drily:

"No damn women about."

There were certainly none, excepting always Nagas, and Palaungs, and other hill tribe women.

So there he sat on the Plain beside the river, and around him his retainers and camp followers sat and scratched and stared into space. And all seasons were alike to him. Only sometimes, when the river was shrouded with mist in the early morning, and the gorges filled up with clouds like cotton wool, Nap would realize it must be about Easter-time. Or when the water was liquid gold at sunset, and covered with the lovely poisonous purple flowers of the water hyacinth, he knew that Christmas must be getting near, and sure as fate he would get a Christmas card and a pair of socks from his old mother in Cheltenham, just like the answer to a riddle. He had had the Christmas card that morning: a robin of the better nourished kind, which had mercifully been spared the heavy downfall of snow that had fallen upon the words: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." (One penny.) The last two words were in pencil, very small. They should have been rubbed out, only his old mother was getting a bit short-sighted. He could tell that by the socks, which as the years went by became more and more like fretwork.

HE PINNED the Christmas card to the wall of his tent, for old sakes' sake, and then stood cleaning out the bowl of a pipe with a rusty penknife, surveying his kingdom and deciding it was good. The light breeze blowing against him showed up what a very thin young man he had become with it all. But he had a leathery look, and nerves of iron, and the voice that spoke suddenly behind him did not make him jump. He went on cleaning out the bowl of the pipe and said, leisurely:

"Well, what is it, Wali?"

Wali was a Naga, and that was only his pet camp name, the other being unpronounceable. He sat and scratched, and said he was getting plenty of trouble.

"What is your trouble?"

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Wali scratched in another place and said it was his daughter. She was now in the full flower of her maidenhood, being sixteen, and beautiful, said Wali, beyond the dreams of man. Yes, plenty of trouble he was getting, for the fame of her loveliness had inevitably spread to the distant hills and they had sworn to have her. Furthermore, into the business came some slight complication, so Nap gathered, about heads. Someone's head was hanging where it was never intended by nature to hang, though far be it from Wali to say how it got there. He just scratched in another place and acted as if all that was the Will of God.

"The girl is come to the camp for shelter," said Wali. "And now we shall all get plenty of trouble."

NAP swore silently. One of the reasons he liked his job was that there were no damn women about, and here they were beginning to close in on him.

"What the Hades do you want to bring her here for?" he fumed.

Wali said dispassionately, his small eyes quite expressionless:

"Otherwise they would have got her. The girl had fear."

About this time the girl herself appeared round the tent.

"My daughter," said Wali. And her name it appeared was something that sounded like Bong. She had a face like two pounds of cold halibut and pigs' eyes. She was built on a generous scale, lightly clad in a very short kilt, kept on Nap could not imagine how. Her hair resembled the well-used hair of a child's very old doll. Nap overcame a temptation to laugh. There seemed nothing for it but to harbor the beauty meantime, for Wali was one of his best men, and there would be no peace in the camp if he lived in a state of perpetual disgruntlement over his home affairs, with message after message summoning him to the death bed of mythical grandmothers. So he gave permission for Bong to remain there until some plan could be made to remove her to a place of safety, where her beauty would no longer be a menace to the peace of nations.

THE following morning his servant came to say a deputation from the hills awaited him outside the stockade. There was nothing extraordinary in that. He got lots of deputations, and they were all very affable and sat and scratched, or perhaps brought him Christmas presents. The festivals of the Church have percolated to the oddest corners of the Empire, and no one insists on their up-keep more passionately than the poor heathen.

Nap knew at sight, however, that this deputation was not as other deputations, for they came armed. The etiquette of those parts was that you left your gun on the front porch when you went visiting in good will, but these folk had brought theirs along into the parlor. So Nap's eyes were hard and very cold as he took his seat on a camp stool in the midst of them, and his voice was unfriendly and a trifle grim, as he said:

"Why do you come here at a peaceful season, armed as men ready for war?"

It was ludicrous that the well nourished robin on his old mother's Christmas card should float into his mind at that moment, plus those snow laden words, but they did.

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The deputation replied, more or less in chorus, and the refrain was, roughly translated: "We want Bong."

An hour's talking had produced no visible effect nor had it dispelled what Nap well knew to be present, a strong suspicion that he had abstracted the beauty for his own ends. He was getting cross and he was getting tired, and in the end he and the deputation parted, not as warmly as he could have wished. The last words of the deputation's leader were:

"Hand her over to us now, and the trouble is finished. Otherwise there is plenty of trouble coming, for we shall come and take her."

IN ALL Nap's peaceful reign there had never been anything like this, and it only went to prove his convictions that the moment women come about a place, peace takes its departure. He would have cast Bong out with the greatest of pleasure, but one of the reasons for his presence there was the preserving of people like Bong from their natural enemies, though mercifully he was seldom called on to meet them face to face.

That night he looked at his supply of ammunition, and found it lower than he liked. But he told himself, after the manner of Englishmen, that things could never get to those lengths, and he sat down and tried to forget the whole business, and write to his old mother in Cheltenham, remembering with a start that it was Christmas Eve.

Christmas morning broke opalescent and wonderful, with the river like liquid gold and decorated with the floating masses of the water hyacinth, going by on the tide. But peace on earth seemed problematical, for with dawn someone discharged a blunderbus through the stockade, laying out one of Nap's best men, and the lookout reported that the hill men were gathering together at the other side of the river in considerable numbers. Standing bareheaded in the sunshine of early morning, Nap could hear that sure sign of coming trouble, the *tum-tum* of innumerable drums through the screech of the green parrots overhead. It was then that Nap realized that the situation might not be handled as easily as he supposed, and in view of the laying out of one of his best men, he sent a runner into headquarters with news of his trouble, asking for some military police and some more ammunition. With luck they might arrive before the week-end, and he told himself, but not with the same conviction as before, that nothing very drastic was likely to happen before then. Meanwhile, at the door of her father's house, Bong sat dressed in her inadequate kilt, kept on Nap could not imagine how — her face like two pounds of cold halibut, looking at nothing.

NAP walked past her and found himself whistling:

> God rest you, merrie gentlemen,
> Let nothing you dismay.

Seasonable and not entirely inappropriate, he thought, and at that moment he was distracted by a new noise; something out of the ordinary, that set the minas chattering and the green parrots screaming afresh. Far off a speck appeared in the sky and grew larger and developed wings.

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Before the astonished Nap's eyes, it circled, looking for a landing place, and came down neatly upon the cleared space where in clement weather he tried to teach his people football. It was a small, single-seater airplane, and while Nap gasped, a girl sprang out of it, stretched, ran a comb through her short dark hair, powdered her nose and then, smiling at him, said: "A happy Christmas to you."

It was all so unlikely that for a long moment Nap thought he must be far from well. Then he said:

"What — what have you landed here for?"

She replied, a trifle tartly:

"Got to have a look at its inside. But I'd like something to eat first."

After that she glanced round the camp and the empty dome of the sky, and the empty expanse of plain, and said:

"I would have thought you'd be glad to have someone drop in for a meal in a place like this."

How could he tell her that the one reason he stayed was that there were no damn women about! Or hadn't been until the other day, though now they seemed to be arriving, he thought bitterly, thick and fast. At this inadvised moment, the enemy chose to send another stray shot into the camp with its shower of pebbles, nails and bits of flint. She seemed in no way put out, however, his unexpected guest. She merely wrinkled her nose and said:

"You do have fun here, don't you?"

She insisted on being festive at breakfast, and fished a box of crackers out of the cockpit, also a tinned plum pudding. Who but a woman, he thought, would go flying round the world with a tinned plum pudding? He learned all about her during the meal. She was going down to Singapore, trying to do a record run, for a Five Hundred Pound Prize offered by some enterprising newspaper at home. She was two days ahead of her time, and would do it easily provided she got off the following morning.

"Depends how long the repairs take," she said. "I might finish in time to make Rangoon tonight, but if there's any doubt about it, I shan't try. Can't fly in the dark."

She seemed to have no qualms whatever about staying alone with a completely strange man, in the middle of a wide plain one hundred miles from anywhere in particular. Nap, who had been brought up in a good home, found himself thinking frenziedly of his mother and what she would say to such goings on. But this, of course, was the modern girl. She was not like a girl at all, but a competent young man. As he watched her, somehow resentful, at work on her machine that afternoon, he realized how competent she was. She became very oily and greasy in the process, and smoked his cigarettes as a matter of course. He could not help thinking of Theo, and what a nice girl she had been, quite without nicotine on her first finger, and brought up in a good home. He did not suppose there were any like her left now, and he had lost her.

Towards sunset he had to force her to come in. The enemy was getting nasty. He had an unpleasant feeling that they were planning to rush the camp and capture the rustic beauty,

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and he wished now that he had sent for help sooner. He did not quite like the way things were going in the camp. They were obviously getting a bit tired of it. And he had a feeling that if he turned his back for a moment, some of them would be prepared to let the enemy in as soon as not. He never slept that night, but stood guard with his men inside the stockade, and occasionally fired a shot or so into the air, just to let them know he was present on the other side. The dinner conversation kept on recurring in an aggravating fashion, and rang through his head as he paced alone under the stars.

"A little unsuitable, surely, your tearing about the world like this — alone!"

IT WAS as if his mother was speaking through him, he knew, but he could not help that. By every decent tenet, it was unsuitable. But she had been no fun as an argument. She merely lit another of his cigarettes and said:

"Why?"

"Supposing something happened. . . . You, alone like this. . . ."

"Do you read the papers?"

He said stiffly that he did.

"Then you must know how many too many there are of us," she said, flicking ash into her coffee cup. She had him there, of course. Also, she annoyed him slightly when he explained his situation to her, and the reason for the besieged state of the camp, by saying:

"But why did you not send for more ammunition before? I mean, supposing it doesn't come, you're in a tight corner, aren't you?"

"I am accustomed to tight corners," said Nap, his eyes their bluest and coldest at that moment. He supposed she was the modern girl, but he could never tolerate her. He decided to put his leave off further still. Fancy an England all peopled with these efficient young women, all going right to the point at once! And after that she refused to take his tent, but slept in a long chair in the store tent.

THE besieging party crept nearer with dawn, and a stray shot got Nap on the back of the head, leaving a nasty wound. That frightened him, because he was not sure how the camp would behave without him. But he calculated that relief should arrive, with luck, that evening, and he could hold out till then whatever happened; but it did strike him how tiresome it was to be civilized. How much easier to push Bong out and say no more about it.

The visitor bound his wound with a rough tenderness and it was clear from her face that she was anxious about it.

"I don't like leaving you like this," she said.

He laughed shortly.

"What on earth do you imagine you could do?"

She said with hateful confidence:

"Why, lots. But if I stay it means mushing up this trip. And I suppose you are all right. And you're sure relief is coming today? Look here, I know what I'll do. I want petrol. I'll drop down there just to make sure."

He as good as told her to mind her own business. The Frontier Service had been run for years without feminine assistance, and could probably

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continue to carry on without it. All this he suggested politely, his head throbbing in a sickening fashion. It would have gone home to any of the nice girls he had been accustomed to in Cheltenham, but he wasn't sure it wasn't just wasted on her.

It was only as she dwindled to a speck in the empty dome of the sky, that he realized he had never asked her name. Well, what did that matter? The midday sun made his head so bad that he had to go and lie down at tea time, done; and it was when he was lying down that such curious things began to happen. A voice said: "It's Christmas time in the world today," and the well nourished robin on his mother's Christmas card began to sing. At least, it sang from time to time, and in the intervals became his mother herself, spectacles on nose, saying: "Woman's place is the home, and not the sky, my dear, and no good can ever come of it."

He staggered out at sundown, drunken with fever, and knew that things looked black. He got sullen looks in reply to his orders, and it seemed unlikely they would bother to hold the camp through the night, without him. There was no sign of any relief party. The plain was empty as the sky.

He stood a trifle drunkenly on his feet, nursing his rifle, and pondering his own mistake. Because nothing had happened for five years, he had fallen into the error of thinking the situation was safe for life. His attitude had been "Nothing ever happens here. Nothing ever will." The correct attitude toward life, he realized, is, "Nothing has happened for five years, so something is inevitably due." But what was the good of thinking of that now? If only he could last through the night! But, sickeningly, he knew that he could not last through the night. Already there were strange buzzings and burrings in his ears. Already he was beginning to have hallucinations. For he thought in the sky he saw a speck that suddenly developed wings, and circled above the place where he tried to teach his chaps football in clement weather, and landed like a dragon-fly; and he thought he saw her coming towards him, her boyish figure slender in the evening light. And then it grew, amazingly. Darkness closed him in.

* * * * *

He was lying on his bed, and she was doing something to his hurt head.

"Lie quiet," she said, rather impatiently, as one man might speak to another. She sorted him and settled him, and gave him something in a wine glass. He saw her put on his helmet, his coat and his belt. Then she picked up his rifle.

"Your runner never reached camp. They'd heard nothing," she said. "I gave them word; they'll be along tomorrow morning. That muck will make you sleep, and don't worry about things. I won't let them get Bong, if I have to shoot the girl with my own fair hand."

"But," he said, "your trip. What about your record breaking stunt?"

"Oh, I abandoned that. This is far more fun," she said. "Don't worry about us. We'll be all right."

Twice in the night he opened his eyes and found her beside him. Her

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face was very gentle and soft — and somehow she did not look in the least like a boy, in spite of her odd get-up. Her presence comforted him vaguely, and he wished now that he had been nicer to her before. He thought how amazing it was that all this should have come upon him just because of Bong, and her face like two pounds of cold halibut, and her inadequate kilt . . . staring with pigs' eyes at nothing.

* * * * *

THE Relief Force arrived at noon, and found the little camp still holding out, with a corpse or so lying in the sun outside the stockade. The Officer Commanding strode forward to shake Nap by the hand, his congratulations all ready tabulated, and to his amazement he found a tall girl wearing an officer's coat and belt, nursing a rifle, in Nap's place among the men.

She looked tired and pale, but elated.

"Gosh, I'm glad to see you!" she said. "They rushed us twice in the night, and I was frightened they would get in. He's pretty badly hurt."

She unbuckled her belt and removed Nap's helmet from her short hair.

"I had to abandon my flight, but I'm glad I did. He was done when I got here. I'll have a sleep, and then push off to Calcutta," she said, smiling at him, showing very white teeth. It might have been just round the corner instead of several hundred miles. The C. O. was an old-fashioned man, and it took his breath away.

"My dear young lady . . . you . . . all alone . . ." he began. She gave him a dazzling smile and went away, combing her hair. The modern woman, he supposed. They made him sweat blood . . . but he . . . could not help owning she had done a wonderful job.

NAP, stirring in his sleep at some unspecified time, had another of those odd dreams. For he thought she was standing beside him and that there were tears in her eyes. And he thought that she bent suddenly and kissed his forehead, and that for a moment her hand, very cool and kind, was laid there, and she said aloud:

"Oh, you nice person . . .!" in a voice that was not at all masculine or modern, but held a note he had never heard before in any woman's voice; Theo having been brought up in a good home and taught never to show her real feelings.

But when next he asked about her, they told him that she had gone.

"To Calcutta. And then to England, and, after that, God knows where. All alone in that thing like a Singer Sewing machine with a beef sandwich and half an orange in the locker."

Nap said: "She also had a plum pudding."

The C. O. shook his head.

"These modern women make me sweat blood. . . ."

Nap said: "Know her name?"

"Mary Fennel. . . . Plucky young woman, of course. . . . But I can't stomach that sort of thing, Wolfe. Woman's place is the home. . . . "

Nap said: "M'm. . . ."

He was thinking that the C. O. had a distinct look of his mother, especially when he put his glasses at the end of his nose.

"After this there is no question

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about it. You must take some leave. Go home. Get fit again. Staying out here too long never pays in the end. Warps the outlook. . . . "

Nap said: "Yes . . . I shall go home. . . ." He said: "Do you happen to have her address in England? I want to thank her. After all, I suppose she saved my life."

The C. O. said: "Undoubtedly . . . undoubtedly."

But he was an old fashioned man. In his heart the whole proceeding shocked him a little. "Woman's place. . . . "

"These modern women . . ." he said, ". . . they make me. . . ."

Nap wasn't listening to him. He was thinking that if it wasn't a dream, that part about the kiss. . . . Well, in a way it sort of changed everything. . . . In any case, he had to get home quick and find out. He knew he would get no peace now, until he found out.

He coughed.

"Mother getting old, of course . . . " he said, ". . . must go back and see her . . . as soon as ever it's convenient, sir. . . ."

Hawk

By Frances M. Frost

Against the dusk the hawk
Is a fragment of blackness hung
Under dim stars that rock
In a rising wind.
Ye young,
Ye whom a pale leaf sets
Trembling, go blind, beware!
Those eyes can not forget
That behold the living air
Carved by wild, dark flight,
Pierced by a furious wing.
Cover their eyes, O night!
O young, mark not this thing!

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The Wet Movement Today

By the Hon. Herbert Claiborne Pell

A Member of Congress in 1919, He Voted Against the Volstead Law

The fight against Prohibition is today in the same condition as the fight for Temperance was fifty years ago. The Temperance orators then were preaching the advantages of sobriety to health and to pocket. Great numbers were interested, either as individuals or as members of such groups as the W. C. T. U. or the Father Mathew Society. Little was accomplished until the organization of the Anti-Saloon League, on a different principle; its central idea of utilizing the organized churches as a political battering ram is the secret of its success.

Under the leadership of H. H. Russell and of Wayne B. Wheeler it took the movement for Temperance out of the hands of those who preached sobriety in the interests of good citizenship, good health or economic welfare, and placed it in the hands of those clerical politicians who have set up the Volstead Law and the Eighteenth Amendment as dogmas of the Evangelical churches.

Wheeler's first important work was the destruction of the old Prohibition Party, which marked the ending of what might be called the Period of Platitudes. He and his lieutenants handled the voters, over whom they had absolute control, with masterly skill. The number of these voters has been extraordinarily exaggerated by the enthusiasm of their friends, by the fear of their enemies and by the wonder of the people at large.

In the first place, they were all enrolled in the party normally dominant in the districts in which they lived. A member of the Anti-Saloon League, who enrolled or voted with the Prohibition Party, they considered to be about as valuable as "a circle with the rim rubbed off."

Wheeler's cohorts marched solidly to the party primaries and there recorded their votes. At the ensuing election, if their man were nominated, all supported him regardless of their usual political affiliations. If, on the other hand, their candidate had been defeated at the primaries, no national issue was considered important enough to justify the support of his successful rival. This organization had its candidates for every office, legislative or administrative — coroner, superintendent of the poor, school board, highway commissioner. Accordingly they secured, in the course of a comparatively few years, the control of a large propor-

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tion of the minor offices in the United States and of the legislatures of many of the States.

Most members of Congress have previously held public office. Candidates for Congress are usually selected from those minor office holders who have run ahead of their ticket rather than from among those who have run behind. The Anti-Saloon League has always taken care that its candidates, regardless of political party, should run ahead of their ticket.

THE key to the success of Wheeler's organization was the absolute control of a comparatively small body of voters rather than the vague support of large numbers. It is by no means true that all Drys belong to the Anti-Saloon League or vote according to its instructions, but it is only those who so voted who are responsible for bringing about the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. This small, well organized group is more than the general staff of the Prohibition force. It is its army.

Wheeler and his clerical associates never considered or valued the vague advocates of Temperance who believed that the tariff or the League of Nations, governmental honesty or international justice, were of more importance than the regulation of the liquor traffic. They were interested in nothing but Prohibitionists who would sacrifice every other political desire in order to support Dry officials or punish Wet.

* * *

The Wet leaders must study the methods of the Anti-Saloon League if they hope to affect legislation. Referendums on Prohibition won by the Wets are completely without effect, and will continue to be so until the Wet group stops voting for wetness, and begins to vote for Wets. Votes are not changed by vague preference but by passionate desires. For instance, let us take this illustration. Of three men, Brown is opposed to Government ownership and opposed to a high tariff, but is a passionate Prohibitionist and believes that Prohibition is the one important issue before the people of the United States. Jones is opposed to Prohibition and to Government ownership, but believes that the dominant issue before the people of the United States is the tariff and feels that our prosperity and safety depend on high duties. Robinson is opposed to Prohibition and to high tariff, but believes that the only salvation of the country will come from Government ownership. A community composed of such men would vote at a referendum two to one Wet, two to one against Government ownership and two to one against a high tariff; and yet the votes of all three would be secured by a candidate advocating Prohibition, advocating a high tariff and advocating Government ownership.

IT IS an old political maxim that you can't beat anybody with nobody. If the Wet chiefs could show the political leaders that there were in a given district five hundred voters — two hundred and fifty former Republicans and two hundred and fifty former Democrats — who had decided that regardless of party they would never vote for any Dry

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and would support any Wet, the leaders would listen with attention and respect. The Volstead Law can be amended only by a majority of individual Congressmen elected as individuals.

* * *

THE intransigent attitude of the liquor dealers did as much to bring about Prohibition as the astute wisdom of Wayne B. Wheeler. There was not a politician in the country, from the United States Senator to the district captain, who did not have to consider the force of the liquor ring. The brewers were adamant against any effort to reform them. It was a notorious fact that the opening of a saloon meant that every dwelling within a hundred feet would become of less value; that the frequenting of these places was a discredit to a man, and the entrance into them disgraceful to a woman.

We would never have heard of a serious movement for Prohibition in this country if the liquor interests had been willing to restrain their greed enough to sell their product in the decent and clean way adopted in so many European countries. The saloon need not have carried with it the disgraceful connotation that it did. There is no reason why the places where beer and wine are sold should not be as respectable as the shops which deal in tea or in furniture. Drunkenness and loud vulgarity can be as readily restrained in one place as in another, but all the liquor dealers could see was that it was vastly more profitable to shove whiskey into drunkards in a filthy place than it would be to sell beer or wine to respectable citizens in clean and decent surroundings. If the dealers had been willing to compromise, they could have continued their existence; but being unwilling to bend, they were broken.

* * *

Ninety per cent of the people of the United States believe that the liquor traffic must be controlled, and at least three-quarters of them believe it is being controlled today in an unsatisfactory and unsuccessful way. Unlimited license would be as unacceptable as the most extreme Prohibition. The middle group, which is only now beginning to realize the great importance of this question, believes that the Government has the right and should have the right to do what it can to check drunkenness and to promote Temperance, but is profoundly shocked by the excesses to which the present system has led those Government officials charged with the enforcement of the present law.

* * *

THE Anti-Saloon League has performed a minor surgical operation with an axe. The outcries of the patient do not mean that the operation was unnecessary but that the surgeon was inept. The moderate element which in large numbers was disgusted by the selfish obstinacy of the liquor dealers is now revolting against the intolerant fanaticism of the Prohibitionists.

The Prohibition movement has reached the professional stage with its leaders more interested in their control of politicians than in the triumph of their policies. The Anti-Saloon League is in the hands of a group of uncompromising clerical

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politicians whose obstinacy may wreck that structure made possible to so great an extent by the obstinacy of their opponents. Their attitude seems to be that they would rather have the Volstead Law in its complete entirety unchanged as an expression of their ideals, unamended, as it came from the hands of Wheeler, though its continuance on the statute books means drunkenness, discontent and corruption, rather than to accept reasonable amendments which would unquestionably assist in making the nation contented and sober. An amendment to the Volstead Act would be a defeat for them, and they care little for the reformation of the ungodly.

THE organizations which are now working against Prohibition are still dealing in platitudinous generalities. Eminent men are discussing the evils of Prohibition with the enthusiasm and the inefficiency of John B. Gough and the Rev. Mr. Swallow. Sentiment against Prohibition extremism is being aroused on all sides but is not being organized intelligently.

The situation would be radically changed if the organizations opposed to Prohibition, instead of talking about referendums and abstract principles, consolidated and united on a model statute providing for the sale of wine and beer, untaxed by the United States Government, under such restrictions as the States themselves might impose. On this programme, most of those who are opposed to Prohibition could unite. The extremists — on both sides — would be dissatisfied, but the vast majority of people, who realize that safety lies in the middle ground and that a democracy can only continue to exist as it succeeds in preserving a continually changing compromise between excessive liberty and excessive regulation, would be ready to accept this as a proper solution.

* * *

IF YOU take an ordinary commercial atlas from any high school library, you can see a line drawn through Europe, south of which the vine is a great agricultural product and north of which no wine is produced. This line will enter France a little north of the Loire and it will proceed through France, leaving on its north side almost all of Britanny, Normandy and Artois, and striking the Rhine about Cologne. It will keep north of Bavaria and Saxony, taking in a part of Czechoslovakia, all of the present Austria and a great part of Hungary. South of this line, a quart of wine can be bought for about the price of an hour's unskilled labor. North of it, a quart of wine will cost more than a pint of spirits.

South of this line, drunkenness is practically unknown; from the lowest class to the highest it is frowned upon as a disgrace. North of the boundary, it is considered a pardonable weakness. There is no biological distinction between a Frenchman living at Rennes or Rouen and one living at Tours, but the Norman and the Breton look on drunkenness as complacently as do the Scotch or the Swedes, while in Touraine it is considered as disgraceful as it is in Sicily.

I am convinced that we would reach the goal of national sobriety very quickly if instead of the Vol-

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stead Law we were provided with national legislation permitting the sale of wine and beer under such regulations as the States might provide, and leaving to the States themselves, with their concurrent power, the duty of punishing those individuals who abuse the use of wine and beer. We should treat liquor as we treat deadly weapons. A man is not permitted to carry a pistol, because experience has shown that in the hands of the average citizen such an instrument may very readily become a lethal weapon. At the same time, it is a known fact that any person can pick up a chair or a piece of firewood and dash his friend's brains out with it. The State tries to meet this fact by punishing those who so abuse and misuse chairs or firebrands rather than to prevent such abuse by forcing the entire population to sit before steam radiators, cross-legged like Turks on their cushions.

THE surrender to the authorities of a friend implicated in the smuggling of opium or of heroin would not earn for a man the contempt of reputable society, but if any man were to denounce an acquaintance for the violation of the Volstead Law, he would be cut by every honorable gentleman of his acquaintance. In spite of all the clap-trap about law being law, we must recognize that there are distinctions. In a country worthy of respect, the law must be respectable if it expects to be respected.

The great body of American people has little direct interest in one side or the other of the liquor question as such, but has a mighty consideration for the permanence of our institutions. Temperate and pragmatic, they do not propose to accept dictation either from a group intolerant of liberty or from one intolerant of restraint. They will not permit the setting up of a system of espionage and tyranny nor will they tolerate a return to the old conditions. They intend to find some ground between unbalanced fanaticism, on the one hand, and unbalanced sordidness on the other.

* * *

THE fight against Prohibition today is in the same condition as the fight for it was in 1890 when Prohibitionists were talking Dry and voting for Wet candidates. Today, vast numbers of professing Wets continue year after year to support Dry candidates. Whether this is hypocrisy, cynical partisanship or ignorance is of little importance to the country at large. If hypocrisy, it should be exposed; if corruption, it should be done away with, and if ignorance, it should be enlightened. We should again study the history of the Anti-Saloon League and realize that Wheeler did not build up his organization with disgruntled politicians or with men who habitually opposed his professed platform. In the United States we are governed not by a majority of the people but by a majority of that part of the people which considers public affairs worthy of their private interest.

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Guns and Standardization

By Lorimer Hammond

Adventurous Birth of the Great American Institution

A stagecoach raced from Mexico into Brownsville, Texas. On the high front seat a Mexican driver sprawled half dead with a rope around his neck. The solitary passenger inside the coach had the other end of the rope hitched to one foot. That way he could strangle the driver with a kick. He also brandished two large pistols. He was a dandified man, neat, small, obviously a tenderfoot, a regular New York dude — from the waist up. His legs were torn and bloodsoaked. For hours he had been rowelling himself with his spurs to keep awake. Heaped around him lay a fortune in bags of silver coin. These he deposited hastily at the Wells Fargo office in Brownsville.

"Send a wire to Winchester's," he told the express agent. "Say Tom Addis has sold Juarez the guns — and brought back the money."

Then he passed out — slept for three days, two nights. They had to cut the clothing away from his butchered legs.

That's how "Colonel Tom" Addis returned after arming the newborn Republic of Mexico. Thomas Addis was an American — one of those daredevil Yankee gun salesmen who followed their trade to every end of the earth where men waged war for reasons of their own.

Warfare is going out of fashion, so we're told. Peace and disarmament — more power to 'em — shine in the limelight now. Yet why not take a brief backward glance at our American gun business, just for auld lang syne? Perhaps we're forgetting a fact or two.

For nearly a century American guns have played important parts in the world-wide drama of human rights and fights.

That's one side of the picture.

For more than a century American gunmakers have blazed important trails in the world's progressive march toward labor by machines instead of human hands.

That's the other side.

Salesmen from our gun shops have crossed all seas, traversed all continents, penetrated all frontiers. Since our Civil War almost every serious conflict or threatened conflict in the world has featured American guns.

Meanwhile the gunmakers of America have been the first to introduce our basic principles of modern

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industry. They inaugurated quantity production. They invented all the essential types of our machine-tools. By uncovering the vast possibilities of interchangeable part design, they fathered standardization. Manufacturers of today can trace so many of their present methods back to gun shop practice in this country that well-known research experts, such as Professor Joseph Wickham Roe, of New York University, call American gunmaking the "daddy of them all."

In his book on workshop origins Professor Roe declares, "Of all articles now manufactured by this system" (mechanized mass production) "guns and pistols are the only ones which antedate the system."

Then our automobiles, our cash-registers, cameras, typewriters, phonographs and thousands of other machine-made conveniences now used in everyday life, must all be descended from that swashbuckling ancestor — the gun.

SO HERE'S a point for our disarmament-minded girls and boys to worry about:

While war boomed the gun business, the gun business begat modern industry.

Our own gun business particularly.

Inside and out, the American arms trade has always been exceptionally venturesome, pioneered new ways, done sensational things. Colt's, Winchester's, Remington's — the records of these and other celebrated firms abound with thrills.

As a rule they made money. Some of them made millions. But they also made history. What kind? Good history or bad? Constructive or destructive? Let's see.

First we'll go back to Thomas Addis and his Mexican adventure:

The guns he sold to Don Benito Juarez in 1866 were used against the French Foreign Legion at Monterey. They shot down Ferdinand Maxmilian's puppet throne in Mexico and stopped forever the European empire scheme then being cooked up there by Napoleon III.

Don Benito's patriots paid Addis for the guns he furnished — after which they thought how nice it would be to get their money back. So his coach full of coin was to have been hijacked by "bandits" at a prearranged ambush. His Mexican driver belonged to the gang. Outguessing their game, Addis stuck up the crooked coachman, tied him with a gallows noose as described, and forced him to reach the border by a different route.

The Winchester Company had issued instructions not to arm Juarez unless full payment could be assured. Addis put the sale over, but collecting the cash gave him a lot more trouble than delivering the goods.

PURVEYING our guns to foreign fighters has been like that more than once. Between 1914–18 the Allied belligerents of Europe bought over two billion dollars' worth of lethal fireworks from American concerns. Outstanding bills for the same are far from settled yet.

How have American gunmakers influenced industry? Before bringing that up in detail, suppose we review one more extraordinary job of salesmanship and its results:

Small arms manufactured in this country became popular among European military leaders shortly prior

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to 1870, when Bismarck and the present ex-Kaiser's grandfather, Wilhelm I, were seeing unmistakable signs of an approaching war with France — and getting ready for it.

Johnny-on-the-spot, Samuel Remington turned up in Berlin at just the right moment to swing a big rifle deal with the Prussian Army Board. The contract needed the Kaiser's approval, but that was considered as good as gained. Wilhelm was known to be favorably interested.

His interest was such, indeed, that he conferred a royal visit in person upon the range where the American guns were being demonstrated. Remington was overjoyed. Loading one of his rifles with his own hands, he tendered the weapon to the monarch.

"Will your Majesty do me the very great honor of testing the piece?"

The Kaiser accepted, raised the rifle smartly to his shoulder, and squinted along the sights like a veteran sharpshooter. At a respectful distance the officers of his staff stood ready to applaud his marksmanship. Mr. Remington beamed with delight. Wilhelm pulled the trigger.

Plunk!

The hammer fell. So did Remington's face. The gun failed to go off. Fate and *one* defective cartridge spoiled the show.

Kaiser Wilhelm refused all explanations. Flinging the rifle to the ground, he left the range. The deal was cancelled immediately. Prussia's troops bore no American arms when they marched into Alsace some months later.

War lords were apt to be capricious customers, but Samuel Remington knew the ups and downs of the gun trade far too well to carry all his eggs in one basket.

A certain broad, impartial attitude toward foreign politics was necessary.

Mr. Remington had it.

Therefore, while he had been dickering in Berlin, his best agent, W. W. Reynolds, had at the same time been in Paris, giving the French War Ministry another brisk sales talk.

Reynolds was still there — still talking — when the Franco-Prussian War broke out. He saved his breath after that. The unprepared French Government handed him a rush order covering Remington's entire output. The bargain was sealed by a large advance payment in gold. Then Wilhelm's Prussians came goose-stepping across France so fast that Reynolds didn't have time to start for home with his gold and his contract before the invaders blocked his getaway.

Caught in the famous Siege of Paris, like the rest of the beleaguered population he dined on wild animal meat from the City Zoo as food ran short. Between meals he tramped the boulevards impatiently, determined to escape.

At length he persuaded the authorities to build him a balloon. One was already being constructed for Leon Gambetta, the defender of Paris, whose transportation to more secure headquarters had been judged imperative for military reasons.

C. W. Way, a New York merchant also stranded by the Siege, decided to join Reynolds's attempted flight. Reynolds and he had to pay $1,250

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for the balloon. With them went a French officer named Cuzon and an enthusiastic young amateur aeronaut of the name of Durevilio.

THEIR balloon and Gambetta's arose together at eleven o'clock, Friday morning, October 7, 1870.

The double ascension caused a great stir. Crowds of besieged Parisians watched them start. Pretty girls by the dozen kissed them goodbye. Hundreds cheered, waved flags, wished them Godspeed.

Gambetta gave the take-off signal. Up went the two balloons.

Up — but not far enough up.

Reynolds's craft could not make altitude. The basket was too heavily loaded with French gold. And Reynolds flatly refused to throw any of this treasure overboard. Because of faulty navigation, Gambetta's balloon also failed to rise properly. As soon as they cleared the ramparts, both drifted low toward the German lines.

The Germans saw them coming. That was when the excitement began.

Shelled by Prussian artillery, sniped at by infantry, followed by troops of galloping Uhlans, the adventurers in the air spent a lively day. Gambetta was shot through the hand. None of the others were injured, but they all missed death by scant margins.

At one perilous moment Gambetta's pilot lost control, sent his party diving almost to earth, then popped them up straight under the Reynolds-Way excursion. A fatal crash was prevented only by a lucky gust of wind which swerved the two apart in the nick of time.

Finally the wind blew both balloons out of range of their pursuers. Late that afternoon they landed safely beyond the Prussian lines. Gambetta's group landed in a tree. Reynolds and his friends came down in a field near Amiens. From Amiens the dauntless gun salesman rushed Mr. Remington's gold home to America by rail and boat.

I believe this exploit holds two records.

(1) Apparently it was the first business deal in the world ever clinched by the help of aviation.

(2) It was certainly the first time any Americans ever flew through German gunfire.

SALESMEN like Reynolds and Addis faced all sorts of risky undertakings. Disguised as a Chinese mandarin, one of them armed the exalted followers of Li Hung-chang. For special services rendered, another received from the Khedive of Egypt a Cairo palace, complete with every Oriental luxury — harem included.

The gun merchants peddled their wares through Europe, Africa and Asia, through South and Central America. During the Russo-Turkish wars Colt rifles carried by the Sultan's forces blazed away against Winchester rifles used by the soldiers of the Czar.

Records from long before the World War show one American firm alone selling 400,000 military rifles to the Egyptian army, 145,000 to the French, 130,000 to Spain, 89,000 to Cuba, 50,000 to Mexico, 42,000 to Denmark, 12,000 to Chile and 12,000 to Costa Rica — all with generous supplies of ammunition to match.

Why?

How did American firearms come

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to dominate the war markets of the world?

Superior salesmanship? Not primarily. The men who sold American guns abroad were great go-getters, to be sure. But the men who built those guns really established the trade.

WITHOUT knowing it, they established something much more significant at the same time.

Out of their gun shops came a series of mechanical novelties destined not only to capture the armament business for America on an international scale, but also to reshape the entire structure of the manufacturing world.

These novelties were the milling machine, the eccentric lathe, the edging machine, the tapping machine and the drilling machine, together with various fundamental applications of the drop-forge.

In other words, all the basic types of our modern machine-tools.

Every one of them originated in American gun shops. There can scarcely be a manufacturing plant now operating anywhere in which the present machine equipment has not been largely developed or adopted outright from models invented by American gunmakers to cut down costs, increase their output, or improve the product.

The eccentric lathe is a representative case.

Used today in hundreds of different industries, this machine turns out irregular (eccentric) forms from pattern with automatic speed and precision. It has undergone practically no change since Thomas Blanchard invented it about eighty years ago for the turning of wooden gun stocks.

Curiously enough, he invented it more as a joke than as a serious project.

The incident occurred at the United States Arsenal in Springfield, Mass. Blanchard had just perfected a lathe for turning musket barrels and was installing one there, much to the displeasure of the men who ground barrels by hand — men whose task would be eliminated by the new machine.

"By God, Blanchard, you can't spoil my job!" shouted a voice from the other end of the shop.

"What's your job?" Blanchard shouted back.

The man who had spoken was carving gun stocks by hand. His work required a high degree of manual skill and experience. He exhibited one of the half finished stocks, showing off its complicated form, its irregularly tapered butt, its queer shaped, knobby heel.

"Take a look," he told Blanchard. "Here's a trick you fancy inventors won't do in a hurry."

"Why not?" Blanchard asked for the sake of argument.

"Don't make me laugh!" was the derisive reply. "You'll never chop out one of these by machinery, and you know it."

"I'll see about it," said Blanchard.

A YANKEE sense of humor — sharp and competitive — made him think it would be a fine joke to get the better of that cocksure workman. The inspiration came to him that evening as he drove slowly homeward through the little village of Brimfield. He saw all at once how a set of chisels rigged to follow a pattern would turn out gun stocks, or

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any other rounded forms, no matter how asymmetrical.

The idea struck him so forcibly that he jumped right out of his buggy. Dancing down the main street of the village, he shouted, "I've got it, by the Lord Harry I've got it!" — much to the bewilderment of Brimfield's rustic populace.

It wasn't long before the result of Blanchard's jocular brainstorm amazed a wider audience.

HARD on his heels a quick-march of inventive talent among rival gunmakers began advancing mechanized production to points far ahead of any previously attained.

Soon Levi Lincoln brought out our first milling machine. He was employed at the time by Samuel Colt. (It was Levi Lincoln, by the way, who also gave us our first successful hook-and-eye machine.) Following Blanchard and Lincoln, other gun shop inventors then introduced our earliest drillers, edgers and many new drop-forge devices.

Just after the middle of the last century American gunmakers carried the gospel of machine-tool performance across the Atlantic.

At the London Fair of 1851 a Vermont firm showed standardized guns manufactured by machine-tools on the interchangeable plan. In 1853 the British Government ordered 20,000 Enfield rifles built by the new American method in American factories.

Two years later the Enfield Company imported 157 gunmaking machines from the United States. These were the first automatic tools ever used in Europe.

Meanwhile the new machines from the gun shops spread rapidly into general use. So universal were the labor problems solved by these inventions that other manufacturing trades at once adapted them to purposes of their own.

JUST as Blanchard and his contemporaries launched our machine-tool era, so two Connecticut gunmakers pioneered our methods of standardization. These two were Simon North and Eli Whitney — the same Eli Whitney who invented the cotton gin. But a distinguished gentleman from Virginia perceived their goal at least twenty years before they reached it.

This prophet in the wilderness was Thomas Jefferson, at that time American envoy to the court of Louis XVI. In 1785 Jefferson wrote from Paris to John Jay, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs:

> An improvement is made here in the construction of muskets which it may be interesting to Congress to know, should they at any time propose to procure any. It consists in the making every part of them so exactly alike that what belongs to any one may be used for every other.

Written 145 years ago, that letter contained America's first hint at standardization. An obscure French mechanic named Le Blanc was conducting the experiment.

Jefferson went on to say:

> He effects it with tools of his own contrivance, which at the same time abridge the work so that he thinks he shall be able to furnish the musket two livres cheaper than the common price.

Special tools, quicker work, lower costs, reduced prices! There — revealed for the first time — lay the magic formula by which our vast

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industrial powers of today have been created!

Jefferson urged Le Blanc to emigrate to America. The Frenchman declined, left Paris, and vanished thereafter from record.

But his experiment emigrated without him. Returning home to become Secretary of State, Jefferson promoted Le Blanc's idea here. When our War of 1812 was declared, Eli Whitney and Simon North announced their readiness to supply the American troops with standardized muskets built on the interchangeable plan.

They carried out the project with the greatest success in spite of opposition and ridicule. After that the new industrial system was firmly established.

So our fabulous age of quantity production actually dates from the manufacture of muskets for the War of 1812!

WAR, guns, machines — so far they have always paraded together through our history. Disarmament advocates think that partnership is out of date and useless now. But there are other opinions, to the contrary.

For example:

Last July the War Department tried a new kind of manœuvres. It was the strangest war game ever played. There was nothing military about it — no troop movements, no sham battles, no theorized attack or defense. Yet it may truly be described as a full-dress rehearsal of an operation which might very well decide the outcome of any future war. It was held in a large business office at Springfield, Mass. Rows of flat-topped desks filled the room. At each desk sat a reserve officer of the Army Ordnance Corps. According to the game they had just been mobilized to face a national emergency.

The commanding officer's 'phone rang. He answered it, then called the room to attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, "war has been declared."

THE men at the desks went quietly to work. What they did was not spectacular. They simply consulted order charts, wrote certain numbers into printed telegraph blanks, and handed the telegrams to orderlies who rushed them to the wires. All the messages were alike in form. They read something like this:

"YOUR GOVERNMENT CONTRACT 83059 IS EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY"

Who received these messages? What was supposed to happen when they arrived? Business men received them. First of all, the managers of every gun shop, munition factory and explosive plant in the United States.

Then the executive heads of steel companies, foundries, mines, machine-tool manufacturers, motor builders, dealers in rubber, lumber, leather, etc., railroads, shipping firms, labor exchanges — in short, the entire network of private industries by which the sinews of war must be provided when nations fight.

Beginning with the gun shops, all these firms had (and still have) Government contracts in their office files. They contract to turn from peacetime production to wartime work as soon as notified. They also agree to maintain permanently

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enough reserve machinery — special dies, gauges, etc. — so that the change to wartime production of Government orders can be made without delay or hitch.

Along with each contract are filed complete schedules for making the required change as quickly as possible. These include building, labor and supply programmes for immediate expansion. Each contract fixes the amount of goods to be produced, sets time limits for delivery, and arranges for payment on a cost-plus basis.

That was the show our potential war industries put on last summer. Another like it will be staged in 1931. The American gun business isn't neglecting its P's and Q's just yet.

It's a great old business, any way you take it.

It changed the political map of the world more than once between 1812 and 1918. At the same time its inventors created new machines which have altered the economic life of humankind. Now hopeful humanitarians want to abolish the making of guns for war. Possibly the future will justify such gallant hopefulness. Possibly not.

If not — well, in that case wars will again be fought with guns. And at present our gunmakers are still with us.

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The Story of Gideon Nathan

By Norah Wellesby

Predicament of a Little Frog in a Big, Big Pond

Gideon Nathan — though that is not his real name — decided to have a motion picture theatre of his own in some pleasant town near Manhattan. He scouted round in New Jersey and found a county seat town of 5,000 population. It looked like a good location, as it had some industries and a large outlying territory from which to draw patronage. The town also possessed a big ramshackle theatre going to the dogs under incompetent management.

Young Nathan promptly leased it for a term of years, transported his household goods, his wife and child, and set to work. He took out seven cartloads of peanut shells, painted, borrowed $11,500 to put with his own $1,000, and shrewdly proceeded to install the most up-to-date equipment. All the local wiseacres knew he would fail, "Putting in that expensive pipe organ." It had rain, horns, xylophones — all the effects. This expenditure, he shrewdly estimated, was to be his salvation. His real hazard he knew lay in the fact that the producers would compel him to play out his predecessor's unfinished contracts for a lot of poor films unsuited to the community. But his inviting house, his skilful presentation of even poor pictures, with such music as had never been heard in this town of Blank, put the venture across. People flocked in from three counties. His shows "went over big."

That, however, did not satisfy him. Unlike many ignorant men who entered this business, he wanted more than profits. He wanted to give "value received." He also desired the respect of his fellow townspeople. Still aglow with the ideals a college tries to instil, he realized that the fascination of the swiftly flowing film is such as to give it the same power as the home and the school to set standards. As soon as he could he signed contracts for blocks of pictures better suited to the tastes of his neighbors. But he found himself forced to take stupid and vulgar films along with the good ones.

"Many a night," he says of the poor productions, "I'd duck from sight as people came out of the theatre with their children. I just couldn't bear to stand in the lobby and face parents after some rotten play that

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I knew just as well as they was no fit fare for boys and girls. But what could I do?

"Bear in mind, too, that even though you make a profit for the year in spite of such films they reduce your earnings, especially in small towns. People come the first night, but the rest of the run is a frost. Look through *Harrison's Reports*, our trade paper, and read some of the cries for help from independents in little towns where gang plays and lurid sex stuff get them in all wrong with the townspeople. Of course, every man likes to realize the maximum of profits on his business, but even if the power to select good plays didn't mean better business, I'd still need them just to feel self respecting."

THERE seemed, for a long time, nothing he could do about the matter. He went on taking the bad with the good. But even with that handicap his success was such that eventually a motion picture chain theatre began to cast envious eyes upon the profits of the Blank Theatre. Suddenly one day "Gid" Nathan discovered that he would not be able to renew his lease after its expiration the following year. It was to be let to a chain owner. Fortunately he already had under way plans for a new theatre, and men of substance in the town were promising to take stock.

This same year, 1922, found him *hors de combat* with the producers, because as a matter of principle he finally refused to run a certain stupid film. Such a stand, he well knew, would mean trouble. Other exhibitors thought he must be crazy to try to buck the system. "I want to give my public the best. They pay their good money. They're entitled to it, but I'm not let!" he exclaimed. He compared the exhibitor's servile existence with the independence of other merchants in the town. They sold goods, he sold shadows and sound; but the business principles involved were the same, he maintained.

HERE briefly are the rules of the game under which the exhibitor had to conduct his business. He must sign up in advance, before most of the films were even made, for the *entire* annual output of plays, good, bad and indifferent, of each producer with whom he did business. (Known as "blind buying" and "block booking.") One firm's product might suit the exhibitor better than that of another. Nevertheless in either case he was usually forced to take the poor stuff in order to get the few choice plays.

Then, too, under the system of "protection" that crystallized along with the development of the chain system, most independent exhibitors could no longer get fresh films, but had to take them at second, third, and fourth hand after the big houses had skimmed the cream. Not only did the producers accord each other first run privileges, but selection as well of the films best suited to each others' patrons.

Another difficulty for the independent exhibitor grew out of the custom of giving first run privileges to chain houses. When a film was "a hit" and ran for weeks, that frequently held up the turnover of plays for the little fellow. He might

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begin to run out of film. Could he then go out and get a few extra plays of the same quality to fill in? If he had a rival in town running the films of another manufacturer, a big competing producer or a little one trying to get a toe hold might sell a few. Otherwise the answer was usually "All or nothing." If he bought under such conditions he was ultimately embarrassed with more plays than he could run in the current year. He then had to take his choice of two losses, either run films at a faster rate than the cost of them would justify or maintain his usual rate of change and run them over into the next season when they were stale, lost him money, and hurt his house.

"GID" Nathan compared his position with that of the restaurateur down the street. He didn't have to offer his patrons tripe instead of chicken unless he chose to; and the grocer didn't have to take all of Mr. Heinz's fifty-seven varieties in order to buy part of his brand. If he bought a gross of ketchup from some jobber and part of the bottles proved bad, the manufacturer made good. The grocer didn't have to palm off spoiled goods on his customers. Why, asked "Gid" Nathan, should his patrons have to pay for what they didn't get?

This was only a start in his comparisons. When a salesman called on the local drygoods merchant, every sale was not a perpetual dicker with no set price, only instructions to charge all the traffic would bear. No. The jobber in the drygoods line set definite prices for salesmen to quote that season. Then, too, the salesmen could quote relatively definite delivery dates. No firm told the drygoods merchant, "Sorry but we can't let you have those three dress models we featured while they're best sellers in the big city houses." Nor did they say, "Sorry about the rest of the line of dresses you ordered. They can't be sent yet, either"; meaning that the small retailer couldn't get them till the big city stores had done with the successful dress numbers and had then decided what other models they would select. Nor did he have to take all of another manufacturer's line to get enough stock to make a showing until the original orders arrived. Nor, if he bucked and refused to accept goods under such outrageous conditions, was he forced to take his choice between paying and putting up deposits of thousands of dollars or having all the big jobbers withhold goods and ruin him.

A BOARD of Arbitration (called by many exhibitors the "Kangaroo Court") had been established to settle differences over contracts, but "Gid" Nathan knew how the Board would settle his case if it were allowed to go so far. They would cancel all his contracts. So he decided temporarily to suspend showing pictures and then see if he could accomplish his ends in his own way. He advertised that his house would be closed during July and August except Saturday nights — gambling on his ability, if the worst came to the worst, to pick up a few films from small concerns. He had already written the Film Board of his intention to go to court if necessary.

Then Nathan went to New York

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to see if he could get films. He'd buy from second rate concerns if he had to, but first he manœuvred with the very firms to whose harsh conditions he objected. He figured that his determination to go to law if necessary might temporarily deflect producer action into opportunist policy. Whether a lookout on the producers' ship of state saw an anti-trust rock looming up across the waters, or whether a shrewd executive figured that the losses on playing "Saturday nights only" would soon cool off this daring young exhibitor, one does not know, but "Gid" Nathan succeeded in getting his Saturday night films from big producers. All this was accomplished very smoothly. However, the Film Exchange men with whom he had to deal from week to week knew he was losing money on this arrangement. They were frankly puzzled over his cutting a good business to pieces in this fashion. They urged him to settle — he was popular, they all liked him. But he was adamant and refused to be returned to the fold as a bad boy on probation.

His stand began to tell on his credit. Soon he was having a hard time to meet his obligations. September came, and then he could not renew his contracts because prices were jacked up on him "500 per cent," he said. "Huh! You were very clever," one of the salesmen told him. "You've made the Board and the Film Club crawl and deliver some films already under contract. But now you'll see what's what. There's no power on earth can compel us to sell films to you!"

There was nothing to do but take his complaint against the producers to court. He started with a New York State complaint for damages under the Donnelly Act.

Eventually there came a day when Nathan hadn't a film to run, not even a poor one. His next move was born of desperation. He telephoned the producers and told them, "If you don't supply us with film in twenty-four hours we will add to our bill of complaints all these abuses and the closing of our theatre. And we'll not keep our troubles to ourselves either. We will buy a page in a big New Jersey paper, run a picture of our front door locked and placarded, set forth our case in large print, and ask the merchants of New Jersey whether they would sign such a burglar's license to continue in business."

The next day all the sales boys were on the doorstep, and so conciliatory. "Why, oh, why?" he was asked, "do you persist in mashing up the harmony programme?"

He'd been fighting two years now for his right to reject poor films when there came a decision from the Federal court, about something else, stating that the Sherman Act was punitive, and that prosecution under a State law did not preclude a Federal prosecution. Good. He would avail himself of that opportunity. So he wrote his trouble into a Federal case to the tune of $300,000 damages, and filed the document. Then the party broke wide open, for the Sherman anti-trust law has a lot of teeth in it. His case now began to loom up disturbingly for the producers. Marvellous service "Gid" Nathan had from then on, pending the ad-

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judication of the conflict over the legality of the Board's oppressive powers.

The opposition kept getting the case postponed according to the best legal practice.

When "Gid" Nathan's old theatre was finally evacuated for the new one and free for occupancy, the chain menace then began to take definite form. But the citizens of this town of Blank just wouldn't have the chain house in their midst. That was all. He'd fought for them. He needed friends. He had them.

THREE years more the film manufacturers succeeded in getting their case postponed. Meanwhile, producer sales policy gradually aroused exhibitors throughout the country to a general rebellion. The Federal Trade Commission, called on to review this turgid industry, held a Trade Practice hearing in 1927, and forbade certain practices that this body regarded as oppressive, but to little purpose. Meanwhile the Department of Justice had also been making investigations. Next, Congress had a hearing in 1928 on the bill for exhibitors' relief, which is still pending. Two months later, the Department of Justice was at last getting ready to prefer charges against the producers when Nathan's case finally came up for trial. He was more than ready, with three legal sized drawers full of documents and ninety witnesses, including ministers and judges.

By now, since the Department of Justice was getting so active and was about to try the producers under the anti-trust law, it seemed that the action of counsel for the defense had not been so strategic as at first seemed, in getting the Nathan case delayed all these years. Anyway, the producers were now most anxious to settle out of court. Time was granted by the judge. Much buzzing and conferring. Damages were agreed on. But Nathan would consider no settlement that did not recognize the justice of his stand against the Arbitration Board, a point hard to concede but yielded under judicial threat to proceed with the case. Thus a little fellow stood for a principle against a billion dollar industry and won!

THIS long battle for a principle concerns all of us who patronize the movies, for in the last analysis *is it not we who pay* for the "block booking," "blind buying," "protection," excessive film rentals, all the devices by which the producers have been able to pass on to us their business risks? I suppose the fact of the matter is that it is just not in any of us, just not in poor frail human nature, to be able to sell everything we make in advance and at a profit without its affecting our product. Many of us, if we had our money in the movies, probably would have done the same. The producers derived their swift, tremendous power from two sources, the fact that there was never before a product for which our people made such a demand, and the fact that we, the public, granted them such unqualified copyrights on films. It was inevitable that in the mushroom growth of this two and a half billion dollar industry abuses should develop.

Recent necessities of the producers

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have brought into the industry two mitigating features. The problems of sound production have resulted in offering exhibitors semi-annual and quarterly blocks of pictures — temporarily at least. Also, now that the manufacturers have more money invested in theatres than in production — as is understood — and control one-third of our picture houses, they can no longer pass on so much of the manufacturing hazard to the public. Just as the independent exhibitors have always had to take an immediate loss on poor films, so now do the producers. This swift reflection of bad judgment is putting a new spirit into film creation. But it is not enough. So long as it is possible to force poor films on the other 12,000 houses and their patrons, producers can continue to pass on part of the productive risk. Not until the manufacturers realize that passing on these hazards is a policy that must defeat itself will films attain their full artistic or commercial possibilities. This perception when it does come will go further than any device yet used to prevent slumps in the industry. This, it would seem, should be a matter of interest to those who buy motion picture stocks as well as to patrons generally.

Of course, there will still be poor plays, for the simple reason that genius has always been scarce. But the public is, after all, pretty patient. It is apt to keep on buying, rain or shine, from the fellow who, it is convinced, is making the very best product of which he is capable.

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Birkenhead

By Francis W. Hirst

A Tribute

How long the memory and fame of F. E. Smith, who rose to be Lord Chancellor of England, taking the title of his native town, Birkenhead, will prove lasting, must be left to the future to decide. But certain it is that a host of friends young and old will cherish as long as they live vivid recollections of F. E. Smith, the best of good companions. When I first went up to Wadham College, Oxford, in the early 'Nineties, it was still a very small college and its reputation was mainly founded on its past.

When I took my place with J. A. Simon, now Sir John Simon, at the scholars' table, we found sitting above us, already in their second year, C. B. Fry, the athlete, and F. E. Smith, who was already by far the best speaker in the College and was beginning to enliven the debates of the Oxford Union Society. "F. E.," as he was always called, to distinguish him among the large family of Smiths, had already developed those extraordinary talents in debate and repartee, and in the invention of droll stories founded on a slender substratum of fact, with which he regaled the college and a wide and growing circle of friends in the University. He must have brought the talent with him from Birkenhead; for in his first week at Oxford he told one at the expense of A — y, the junior scholar of his year. According to Smith, on the very first evening which they spent together, A — y took him round the town, and seeing an expensive tobacconist's shop in the Broad just opposite Balliol he went in and asked for the best cigars. A box of the finest was opened. A — y gave one to F. E., took one for himself, flung down sixpence and said with a lordly air to the tobacconist, "You can keep the change."

Another scholar of Smith's year, a Mac from Edinburgh, was a constant butt. This Mac was always in financial difficulties and was always borrowing on his prospects. Smith gave it out that Mac came from some remote Highland glen and was the nephew of a wild chieftain, who would some day come to the college and pay Mac's debts. The most hilarious evening I ever spent in my life came about in this wise. Smith took A — y into his confidence and provided him with a huge red wig, a battered top hat and a suitable

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attire. Hardly anyone was in the secret. It was the night of the Wadham debate and Simon was presiding. At the commencement of private business, F. E. suddenly came in with A — y and gravely asked the President to allow him to introduce Mac's uncle into the Society. As the chieftain was suffering from a chill, he hoped the President would allow him to retain his hat. Simon and indeed the whole of the crowded room was completely taken in, though a suppressed titter ran round at the strange sight of the Highland gentleman with his tattered hat and protruding clumps of curly red hair. Simon's gravity and politeness were incomparable, and for a good many minutes F. E. kept the play going, until at last there was a rush for the old gentleman; his hat and wig were torn off and A — y was discovered. It is impossible to reproduce the scene that ensued, in which we all took a hand. I have always thought that it was worthy of the pen of a Bret Harte.

THE stories told of and by F. E., at college and afterward, are legion. Some of them are unprintable, and most of them are too good to print. He could seldom resist a joke even at his own expense. After he had made his reputation in the House of Commons and was being hailed as the rising hope of the Tory Party, Mr. Austen Chamberlain asked John (Viscount) Morley to meet him at dinner. The only other guest was Mr. Winston Churchill. After dinner, when the port went round, Mr. Chamberlain observed sententiously: "After all, it is character that tells in politics."

F. E.'s eyes twinkled. He looked across at Mr. Churchill and remarked: "If that's so, Winston, there's not much chance for you and me." Lord Morley told me this story more than once, and ever afterwards he had a great liking for F. E. Smith, who returned it with unaffected admiration for the greatest Liberal of our time.

IT is a mistake to suppose that F. E.'s brilliancy was merely superficial. He spent too much time in cultivating his debating talents during his first two terms at Oxford to gain more than a Second in Classical Moderations; but he kept up his Latin all through his life and knew his Horace as well as statesmen of the old English school. He once told me that the best joke he ever made in his life fell completely flat. It happened in this wise, probably about the year 1911 or 1912. It had been arranged that some discontented Kentish and Sussex hop-growers, who wanted Protection, should have an interview with Mr. Bonar Law, then Leader of the Opposition and a Tariff Reformer. Bonar Law invited F. E. to sit beside him. The hop-growers were devoid of aspirates and full of wrath. There had been a fine home crop — this was admitted — but the price was low and unprofitable. All the talk was about 'ops. In the midst of plenty, the 'op-growers were suffering from cheapness. When the situation developed, F. E. suddenly recalled a line from Horace and whispered to his Chief, "*Tantas inter opes inops*" (Poor in the midst of plenty); but Bonar Law, who was no classic, only looked puzzled, and afterward, when F. E.

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translated and explained the joke, it failed to penetrate the Scottish mind of his leader.

I am not attempting in this personal sketch to make an estimate of F. E. Smith's claim to be regarded as a great statesman, a great lawyer or a great judge. His popularity enabled him in his later years to earn large sums as a journalist and as an author; but his contributions to literature fall far short of his ability and exploits as a pleader in the courts, a debater in the House of Commons, a star orator on Party platforms, and an after-dinner speaker. In all these capacities he excelled, and his best was very good indeed. But there are few men whose spoken words can live as literature, and the best speeches of Birkenhead can not be named in the same breath with the splendors of a Burke, a John Bright or an Abraham Lincoln. His career was meteoric, and he could say with pride that he was the fabricator of his own fortune.

When I first visited him in his country house at Charlton in Oxfordshire some years ago for tennis, tea and talk, I was confronted on entering the hall by a huge painted crest with his chosen motto *Faber fortunæ meæ* (Smith of my own fortune). He was perhaps inclined to be a little overboastful on occasions, and loved even with an old friend to hold out his crutch and show how his fields were won; but he had a genius for friendship and for him, as I have said elsewhere, a friend in need was a friend indeed. He could laugh, too, at his own dignities and make fun of his own faults. It is said that when he accepted the Lord Chancellorship he remarked, "I shall now have to decide a difficult point of behavior — whether I ought to be as drunk as a Lord or as sober as a Judge."

I shall always think of him as the most entertaining of all my friends, and in spite of many human imperfections as the best of good fellows.

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Educating the New Child

By Hughes Mearns

The new education and the old education do not exist isolated in any one institution. Something of the new education is in every old school; and something of the old is in the newest of new schools. However, there are attitudes, aims and practices which may, without much question, be labeled respectively old and new; and we can give a measure by which one may know exactly how much any school, or even any classroom, is antiquated or modern.

It is important, of course, to know the difference, for the new and the old represent contrasting and even opposing ways of dealing with your child and mine; important, that is, if you, the parent, have any choice in the serious question of the kind of schooling to which your child shall be exposed.

One may know the old by its emphasis upon information; and it is an information which is predetermined. Before your child was born, for instance, it was decided that he should have "promissory notes" at his twelfth year. I had them at exactly that age in 1887; my father, quite likely, had them in 1859; the present twelve-year-olds are having them on the dot in 1930. Further, it is information divided into "subjects," scheduled to the minute, with provision for long after-school hours of study. The source of this information is not in experience but in a book. The standard of achievement — which very few can possibly reach — is perfection in knowing and retaining a collection of information which the child does not encounter in his everyday life and rarely indeed in his everyday reading. Even adults do not find it a common need of their daily living.

Here are some samples of home assignments for twelve-year-old children, part of a huge selection gathered from various parts of the country. They represent the emphasis of the old education upon isolated book information:

Memorize the percentage equivalents of 1/12, 1/9, 1/7.

What are the capitals of Turkey, Soviet Russia, Hungary?

Name the chief exports and imports of Barcelona.

Define *chyle*, *chyme*, *pylorus*, *lacteals*, *sacrum*.

How many furlongs in 180 yards?

In 1917 President Wilson decided to declare war upon Germany. Mark this statement *true* or *false*.

List the predicate nominatives in the first twenty-five pages of *Evangeline*.

Write an essay on Grant's chief qualities as a general.

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Parse *major* in the sentence "He called him major."

Trace the course of the Dneiper River.

Memorize *Gunga Din.*

What is the official title of the chief governing officer in Egypt, Persia, Turkey, France, Russia?

This is a type of "home work" which parents all over the country will instantly recognize. I have not listed the really absurd ones. Mothers who sit up long into the night with their youngsters, giving what help they can to stir up interest in isolated pieces of school information, have sent me a mass of almost incredible home assignments: one requires the memorization of the 17-table in multiplication, and another demands verbatim knowledge of a considerable part of the Articles of Confederation!

THE story of educational reform in recent years is the story of a vigorous struggle to eliminate from school studies the great masses of functionless school information; the results are a monument to the courageous intelligence of members of the teaching profession; but all schools have not progressed step by step with the enlightened leaders. Defeated, the Old Guard still fights on. In an eighth grade classroom not so long ago I was interested to see a vigorous old lady setting examples of cube root before her pupils. "Cube root!" I expressed my mild surprise. "Why, cube root has been out of the eighth grade course these many years." "I am quite aware of that," she replied with beauteous forbearance; "it is not in the course of study, but," a perceptible increase in rigor, "these children shall not be deprived of cube root so long as I can stand before them as their teacher!"

A FEW children thrive on a diet of isolated information. Many, however, find the fare not only indigestible but tasteless and repellent. From hundreds of first-hand transcripts of classroom procedures I present this picture:

I have been a teacher long enough to know how to keep the forty-five boys of my eighth grade class at attention for the five hours of each day on a prescribed course of study. They must remember enough of Irving's essay on *Westminster Abbey* to answer a possible examination question prepared by the folks up above (made to test me and keep me in line); they must be able to define *premium*, *par value*, *integer* and *ad valorem;* they must understand the workings of the Federal Reserve Bank and the theory of the tariff (who does?); they must be able to write and answer a formal invitation to a formal dinner dance. And so on, and so on. Besides, they must keep in mind, for examination purposes, the "facts" of their previous four years of schooling: the explorations of Martin Frobisher and Jacques Cartier, the history of the Dred Scott case, the exact title and author of a half hundred "memory gems." And so on, and so on.

Hardly one of these boys cares a straw. They are sullenly waiting for the months to pass until they are old enough to get working certificates. It is a tough neighborhood with little respect for law. I hardly dare turn my vigilant eye from the class. We do not give them ink; they might throw it out the window. Not through maliciousness, but out of healthy resistance to our senseless imprisonment. Naturally they should have a different course of study; but in our town all eighth grades have exactly the same prescription. They should have manual work. There should be an attempt to get at their real interest in life and living *and begin from there.* The hard pressure which we bring to bear is social poison. What chance have I to make them eventually respectful toward law and order?

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Years of that sort of thing leave their permanent mark upon the character of the teacher. Walking with a superintendent of schools along the quiet corridors of a really good school in a progressive system, I heard suddenly a screaming outburst from the teacher of the second grade, "If you do that again I'll *smack you in the mouth!*" We grinned at each other knowingly as we marched along. I said nothing. He said, "Yes, we have that kind too. She's still fighting 'em. Even when she doesn't have to. She never learned any other way, and she never will. Nice woman, too — outside the classroom. She is just one of the victims of an old system of child-worrying that used to prevail hereabouts. The old education! It certainly did turn out a lot of bearcats!"

THE old education is largely responsible for this type, for it demanded that the teacher should be masterful and that the pupil should be subservient. Masterful teacher, subservient pupil! That is the very picture of the old discipline. And it was backed up by the community. One must never forget that much of the evil in the old had the vigorous support of mothers and fathers. The sad fact is that parents have believed in the false learning that goes with functionless verbal memorization. Parents have accepted school "failure" as real failure. Parents have believed that child life should be harassed and uncomfortable. Parents have believed in the cheap motivation of "marks" and have sent their children forth greedily to get them. Parents have not known a gerund-grinding textbook "reciter" from a true scholar; and if they had known, they would have preferred the "reciter," because parents have believed that one's school life should be hard — a little stale, too, and a little musty, perhaps, but always and wholly hard! And many still so believe and obstruct the better way which teachers prefer. "Children are like colts," said a prominent business man at a recent educational dinner; "their spirits must first be broken before they can be taught anything." Great is my professional pride in remembering that that remark was received by the teachers present with the silence of disapproval.

LONG ago I ceased blaming the teacher. She is too often merely a helpless victim of the system. In spite of this avowal, I know, nevertheless, that this article may still stir up the indignation of a host of teachers who are always quick to rise to the defense of their profession and of the fine schools where they are daily giving the best of their lives. They will tell me that teaching represents one of the worthiest personal sacrifices in modern social endeavor. I agree with them in advance. They will indignantly repudiate the picture of their profession as wholly hard and insensitive. I also repudiate that condemnation. They will tell me that their own schools are not dominated by the teaching of book-information nor motivated by the machinery of intimidation. I will admit it. They will ask me if I have seen the cheerful school-loving children in the North, East, South, and West. I have seen and I rejoice accordingly.

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Then, like the old-fashioned pedagogue, I shall rap my desk smartly for attention and ask them to note that at no time have I been describing a particular school or a particular school system, but that I am offering a measure by which one may judge — teacher, parent, or mere tax payer — how far a school is old or new, how far it is behind the times or in touch with the times.

To continue then with the yardstick by which one may estimate the progressiveness of any school or any classroom. The teacher of the old education is forced to make child life conform to school life. Her main weapons are punishments and rewards — detentions (I shall name only those I have seen lately in practice), standing in corners, writing "disobedience" five hundred times, violent shakings, whippings (yes, they still do it), marks, buttons and banners, scoldings, public rebukes, threats of failure to promote, reports to father and mother, high and low ranking, examinations, and the machinery of the "recitation." She must aim always to keep "perfect order"; she must have unanimous mass attention to the workings of her peculiar adult mind; she must therefore insist upon a complete concealment of the natural workings of immature minds.

Masterful though she must be over the mental and physical behavior of her children, she herself is really a most subservient person before her superiors. The information-course-of-study pursues her. The immature minds and bodies are seeking ever to break away. Her supervisors are judging her, by the standard of perfect "recitations," perfect "attention" and "perfect order." She must drive her brood to meet set appointments with the course of study. Others are driving theirs. She knows her supervisors are watching her, that they have her checked up in their books. Her very living depends upon unquestioned subjection of childhood to the information-retaining drills. She hardly has a chance.

The experienced teacher of the old education will therefore know only a world of orderly children marching in seemingly willing obedience — and without a whisper to a neighbor, one may be sure! — in the mastering of book information. As she grows more and more expert in mastery she will believe no other world exists. She will hear of freedom in the classroom and think it means disorder. She will hear of genuine scholarship among willing children who toil persistently for the natural love of learning; she will not believe that any child would do a fine thing without coercion. And because of her masterfulness and her narrowness and her lack of faith in childhood, something dreadful happens to her. She — likewise "he" — becomes a forbidding thing, unhealthy, bitter, suspicious.

Again I gently warn those fine persons who rise too swiftly to defense, that this is not a picture of any school or of any teacher; that it is, rather, a measure by which one may judge how much of the traditional and how much of the progressive is in any teacher or in any school.

Sometimes we say of the teacher of the old education, — but let us change the "she" to a "he" for the

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sake of variety — "He may be hard but he knows his subject." One may justly question that. His possession is not to be labeled by the fine name of scholarship; what he has learned by rote is, really, only textbook information. The proof is that while he may know his book perfectly — the recitation drills over many years would give anybody that easy acquisition — the world does not really believe that he knows anything particularly useful. From the raising of puppies to the growing of dahlias we would not go to such a teacher for any living knowledge. His vested interest is solely in a book prepared for the understanding of children; and outside of the schoolroom he does not practise his subject. If he is a teacher of school biology, for instance, we do not find him also a practising biologist. Though he treat the basic knowledges of industry in his classroom, industry would not think of calling upon him for consultation or advice.

He accepts textbook information without question because he has no daily experience by which it might be refuted or amended. Therefore his "facts" are often false facts. I watched an angry "book teacher" pace his small platform before a silent and subdued class. "How often have I told you," he demanded menacingly, "that neuter nouns *never* take the possessive case!" Then more menacingly, "I see you need drill. Take this assignment for Monday's lesson." *Monday's* lesson, note! Ah, thought I, here is another *love's* labor lost; and I wondered if he had ever been at his *wit's* end or had heard of a *world's* series or had even come within a *hair's* breadth of anything. His business is language, remember, and language is all about him, rich in discovery of law and usage, but he had, like his kind, preferred to open a book and close his mind to life.

Let us now turn to the new education. In a similar fashion one may measure the elements of the more modern practices in your school or in the classroom of your young child. You will know the teacher of the new education almost instantly by the fact that she is not obviously masterful. You will find her interested almost wholly in child growth rather than in purveying a set of facts. Information she prizes, but it is that which comes alive and stimulating out of child experiences. She is interested mainly in what children can do with all their heart and with all their mind; therefore her life is not spent in oscillating between fierce intimidation and sweetish bribery. Surprises are her daily delight, for, under the strong urge of curiosity, even young children may break beyond the bounds of predetermined "subjects" and draw upon, say, anthropology, geology, and astronomy, learning, for instance, the long names of the prehistoric animals, dinosaur, eohippus, pterodactyl, or naturally and lovingly taking to memory the heroes and gods of the *Odyssey* or the beautiful names of the constellations.

She knows that in childhood right individual and social desires may not come to perfection save through endless trial and error and trial again. Her schoolroom is therefore a happy place of blunders. Faith that children

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really wish to learn, really wish to be worthy, this is her chief obvious possession; knowledge of the rough stages through which character grows toward the ideal, this is her professional equipment; faith, again, that out of blundering attempts a rich personality will emerge, this is the assurance of her professional experience with childhood.

She knows also that in their secret lives and in their hidden practices — secret and hidden from adults, I mean — children are wasteful of gift and opportunity, easy liars, faithless to their given word, jealous, hating their neighbor, selfish to the point of cruelty, the devil's silliest sheep. She knows that unless this secret and hidden life is brought into the open and guided, the outcomes may be most perilous. Perilous? Those who have had the real confidence of children and have seen this horrible thing, know that friendly adult contact and guidance are more important than all the learning in all the school books in the world.

TO THIS new teacher obedience is of less importance than wholehearted acceptance of right law. Therefore her main business will be the cultivation of worthy desires, resourcefulness, independence, self-control. The motivations of fear — punishments, rewards, marks, threats of reports to parents — are absent from her programme. She has no interest, for her own comfort merely, in training children in habits of timidity and cowardice.

Of course she will control her children. Of course she will rule her pupils. The story that she lets them "do as they please" is an invention of the old pedagogue to frighten the citizenry; like the Russian invention that Jews eat Christian babies at Passover time. It is one of her gravest responsibilities that children should have the support of her authority in the organization of their individual and social living. Doing as they please! What an absurdity! No group of children would amount to anything without the steadying control of superiors.

Hers is by no means, therefore, a lawless community, but because she welcomes into her classroom the powerful natural urges of youth — to learn; to write, to draw, to make-believe; to invent and construct; to contend decently with body and mind; to submit for the greater common good; to live the clean life; to dig at difficulties for the sake of an understandable future gain — because, in short, she believes in youth, her government loses the insistent arrogance and the spying watchfulness of the older régime.

The new teacher observes child life and finds it not inferior but superior. She has daily assurance that, even in the kindergarten, children already have thinking minds, a zeal for knowledge, a stirring desire to do the right thing, a sure if undeveloped sense for beauty, a sensitive creative spirit.

SHE is aware, this new teacher, that the most timid child has something fine to give. She is also aware that that child may neither know this nor believe this, and that, therefore, he must be given courage. Her glow of quiet approval is one of the high points of her teaching, for it steers a youngster in the right direc-

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tion and it charges him with essential self-faith.

Her reports to you, mother and father, are not dispiriting announcements of failure, not suggestions to you to follow up the intimidation of the school with further intimidation at home, nor are they sent with such lack of trust in the child that your personal signature must be attached and returned for inspection. She tells you, rather, wherein your child is a worthy spirit, tells you what you must do to help and not thwart his growth, gives you faith in your own, in short, and, most important, instructs you in the newer ways of approach for control and guidance when the signs point to dangerous and treacherous ground.

She specializes in the child, you see, and not in "subjects." The child, indeed, *is* her subject. Of course she will get help from books, but she is not one to lean upon books as her authority. Her experience is her authority and, like all genuine experts, she knows enough to tell when the books are wrong. Parents consult her about the whole life of their children and accept her advice as to how they should readjust even their own lives to secure the greatest good to all concerned, a professional service that one just never thinks of in connection with the old fact-masters. Through this new teacher the education of children is becoming at last one of the socially respected professions.

As a parent interested in having your child "learn something," as the phrase is, you need have no fears about the new education. In the Milwaukee State Normal School, where modern procedures are used most intelligently, a theatre was made the centre of work of a second grade. Through the wise manipulation of natural interests of children in "learning units," these youngsters made surprising headway. In addition to important outcomes in character, personality, and in the discovery of individual gifts, these children, measured by the Stanford Achievement Tests, showed results in arithmetic, reading and spelling which amounted at the end of six months to an average growth of eleven months! The lowest growth record was five months, and the highest, twenty-one months. And there was not a single old-style "lesson" during the whole period! And, more important, during all that time there were no mentally depressed children bewildered by the impossibility of keeping up with the exactions of fact-driving adults.

In so far as this new teacher is a recognizable portrait of the teacher of your child, you will know what progress the school has made toward a realization of the new education. In the most old-fashioned schools, remember, you may find some of the new education; in the avowedly modern schools you may find less of it than I have pictured here. Remember again that my purpose is simply to give a measure by which you may judge.

The defect of the old education, as we have tried to show, was that it set its attention too absorbingly upon information, while it considered of less importance the possibilities of self-education in the child; the defect of the new education is that it is

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likely to make the acquisition of world-knowledge too haphazard and fortuitous. A well-informed child is not necessarily a resourceful thinking child; a resourceful thinking child is not necessarily a well-informed child. The old school neglected the individual; the new school too often forgets the world in which the child must eventually live.

THE compromise between these two conflicting modes of education is already under way. Taking advantage of a more enlightened parenthood — our greatest hope these days! — the old education is remodeling its textbooks and placing less attention upon them; but it has not made the mistake of the "progressives" in running loose over the world of established fact and idea. The most notable contribution in this line, revolutionary in its way, is the series of books in the social studies put together under the leadership of Harold Rugg of Teachers College, Columbia University.

With a large group of assistants and with the coöperation of nearly four hundred public school systems, Rugg spent nine years in gathering into a series of volumes the various knowledges which would give young people of elementary and junior high school age the basis for comprehending, as few educated adults do comprehend, the major social and economic problems of American life. The isolated "imports and exports" of the old geography, the senseless "locations" and map studies, the chronological "facts" of a dead history, these and a thousand other contributions from a dozen subjects, including economics, sociology, and statistics, are made dramatically readable and genuinely informative to even a sixth grade child. During the long period of investigation, over four thousand teachers brought their professional judgment to bear upon these books. Each year fifty thousand school children participated in testing the materials for child interest and child comprehension. Printed first in several paper bound trial editions, as they were being tried out with the coöperation of real children in real school situations, the first two volumes, *An Introduction to American Civilization* and *Changing Civilizations in the Modern World*, were first published in final form. The third volume, *The History of American Civilization, Economic and Social*, has just come off the press.

EVEN school information, one observes, is now being reorganized not for the sake of the teacher but solely for the good of the child. When a soldier patient once complained that the doctor was poking him too hard in the ribs, the army surgeon growled, "I am not interested in you; I am interested in your diseases." You, mothers and fathers, may judge the worth of your child's school by a very easy test. Simply ask yourself whether that school seems to be interested mainly in your live child or whether it is all too absorbingly concerned with the acquisition of curious and questionably useful information within the covers of an inanimate book.

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Vagabondia's Christmas Dinner

By Cliff Maxwell

Even Tramps Like to Eat

Vagabondia may fare pretty slim the greater part of the year for food, but if a vagabond misses his fancy dinner on Christmas Day, it is his own fault. Mr. Solid Citizen and John Vagabond may not have much in common for three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, but the three hundred and sixty-fifth they do have, and a thing that neither begrudges the other — a good, big Christmas dinner!

There are any number of places and any number of ways in which a purse-empty vagabond can secure a Christmas dinner. Aside from the thousands of private individuals who make it a practice each Christmas to see to it that the stranger within their gates enjoys a good Christmas dinner, there are numerous charitable and benevolent organizations that supply Christmas dinners by the tens of thousands to the homeless and penniless all over the world. You can even get a fine Christmas dinner in jail! I know — from experience!

The first Christmas dinner I ate on the road as a young hobo was in a New Mexican grading camp, a good many years ago. I remember it yet! I might have enjoyed one every bit as good as it was if I had known then what I know now — and had it without going to the trouble to get it that I went to in this case.

Despite the fact that I must have been born with the *wanderlust*, this was my first Christmas away from home, though I was twelve years old at the time. I was beating my way to California, where I had been born. Hazy visions of the blue Pacific, Golden Gate Park, broad Market Street with its four tracks upon which clanging cable cars rolled up and down, were in my mind the Christmas Eve that the long freight train I was riding pulled into the yards at Springer, New Mexico.

While I was still revelling in these mental pictures, the door of the box car in which I was riding was rudely opened and, in the gathering dusk, I could see the hard-boiled face of the "Shack" (brakeman) who, with menacing gestures and in a raucous voice, invited me to "Hit th' grit — an' be dam' quick about it, too!"

Young and inexperienced as I was, yet I had *savvy* enough to know that it would stand me in hand to keep clear of all bulls — they might become suspicious because of my age;

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pinch me and hold me for investigation. If they learned that I had run away from home — well, I'd be sent right back home. And I was not anxious to return home — just yet.

After I had followed the Shack's invitation to "hit th' grit," I walked quickly up the track toward the railroad station. The air was crisp and I was cold, hungry and sleepy. In the depot waiting room I had learned from experience that there would be a fire in the stove — I could hug it, if no one bothered me, until the next morning, then go out and see what I could do about rustling up something to eat before resuming my way westward.

I HAD no more than ranged myself alongside the stove when a man with a thin nose, gimlet eyes and a short, sandy mustache opened the door and came into the waiting room. He appeared, at first glance, to be a hobo, himself — then he spoke to me: "Where yuh from, Bub? Whatcha doin' in here? Waitin' fer a train?"

There was crisp authority in his tone. I knew he must be the railroad bull or the town cop. I thought fast. Albuquerque was the next big town ahead of me. Why not tell him I lived there and was on my way home? He would likely let me go if I told him this in view of the fact that I *was* going home.

"I'm beatin' my way home — to Albuquerque," I answered, my heart in my mouth for fear he might ask my street address there.

"Well, git th' hell outta this waitin' room. It's not fer hoboes or kids beatin' their way home," he told me.

It was a narrow squeak. So close that I forgot I was hungry — but the weather reminded me I was cold. There would be a sand house at the lower end of the yard — I'd go there. It was just the place.

A group of hoboes were gathered around the red-hot, pot-bellied stove when I entered the sand house. They were smoking and talking lightheartedly of the Christmas dinners they were going to bum the next day from Springer citizens. They did not pause in their talk when I entered, nor did they cease entirely when a young fireman came in for a bucket of sand for his locomotive's sand-box.

Their continual talk of the sumptuous dinners they had had in times past, and what they expected to have on the morrow, brought back my hunger, and it was a long time before I finally dropped back upon the warm sand and fell into troubled dreams of wonderful dinners that continually eluded me each time I sat before one.

THE next morning, when I came out of the sand house, a genial looking Irishman listened to my tale of woe and then took me over to a restaurant run by a Chinese, and fed me. He turned out to be the foreman of a grading camp a mile out from town, and he offered me a job as "wather bye."

"An' yez'll be jist in toime fer a g-r-r-r-and Christmus dinner," he concluded.

Maybe that grading camp cook did not know how to cook turkey in French, but he certainly knew the American method. I would have enjoyed my Christmas dinner no more

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if I had stayed in Springer and been fed in a Springer citizen's home where I would not have had to say I'd be a "wather bye" or anything else to get it. As it was I had to slip out of the camp surreptitiously and make my way back to Springer to catch a train out late that evening.

A FEW years later I found myself in Seattle, on the night before Christmas. As usual I was busted and hitting the "main drag" for the price of a "flop." I had no more than approached my first "prospect" with a hard-luck tale when a plainclothes dick approached me — ten minutes later I approached the "can" in a patrol wagon.

There were quite a number of prisoners in jail that night. One group, apart from the others, did not seem depressed. In fact, they were having a high old time. I wondered why, in view of the next day being Christmas.

"Seems to me you stiffs are takin' it pretty easy, considerin' you'll be eatin' a mulligan stew 'inside' tomorrow instead of a Salvation Army crow 'outside'," I said to one of them.

"Th' hell you say!" he returned with a wide grin. "You'll get your Christmas swill right here in the can — an' it'll be every bit as good as any that 'Old Sal' 'll put out tomorrow, fixin's an' all."

He was right. That Christmas dinner I ate at the long mess table in the Seattle can was as good as any I've ever eaten that was given me by any charitable outfit.

This experience in the Seattle can got me into a funny fix a number of years later in Socorro, New Mexico. I was on my way to Mexico City and landed in Socorro Christmas Eve, busted, hungry and cold.

A dreary sand storm was sweeping down the streets. Grit filled my eyes, nose and mouth. There was no one on the street but an occasional straggler homeward bound.

"Where's the County Jail?" I asked one of them.

He pointed to a large, two-story building. "A Mex is the jailer. I guess he'll be good for a flop," he said, grinning. Evidently he knew the ways of hoboes.

I CLIMBED two stairways and knocked on the only door in sight. A very pretty Mexican girl opened the door. A smile disclosed even, white teeth when she asked me in dubious English what I wanted.

"A place to sleep tonight," I answered in Spanish just as dubious.

She turned and sang out to someone inside that there was someone wanted to sleep in the jail.

A stocky, heavy-set Mexican came to the door, coolly looked me over, and then asked in broken English if I thought his jail was a hotel.

I pointed out to him that I was busted, sleepy, cold and hungry and that, if he refused me a place to stay in "his jail" it would be his fault if I committed a crime that night in an attempt to get money to alleviate these conditions.

Maybe he was convinced for, with ill grace, he motioned me to follow him downstairs to the bull-pen, which he opened and pointed to a big pile of comforters in one corner before locking me in for the night.

It must have been a pretty good jail, at that, for there were two coons serving a sixty-day sentence who

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gave me a beef steak they had left over from their supper, together with some taffy candy the jailer had let them make earlier in the day. They entertained me with accounts of the wonderful feed they expected next day. I spent a very pleasant evening and figured to ring in on that feed, myself.

At seven o'clock next morning the jailer came down, opened the tank door, then the street door, and motioned for me to "vamoose."

"But I don't want to leave. I want to stay for Christmas dinner," I remonstrated.

He grabbed me by the shoulders and violently propelled me streetwards, all the time keeping up a steady flow of profanity which, even if I had not understood, I would have guessed from the industrious manner in which he got me outside. My attempt to crash that jail for a Christmas feed was a dismal failure. It was the fat *chef* in the leading hotel who gave me a bang-up dinner that Christmas.

EVENTUALLY I tired of hobo life in America. I wanted to see other countries. I decided I'd go to sea.

When times are good, any landlubber can get a job aboard ship, and I found no difficulty in landing one on a tramp bound for Callao, South America.

According to schedule, the ship would reach Callao eight or ten days before Christmas, unload and take on cargo, and be on its way back to the States before Christmas. I decided I would "jump" (desert) ship in Callao. If I had luck, I would eat my first Christmas as a beachcomber in a foreign country.

Jumping the ship was a cinch a day before she left Callao. No one bothered about me and that night I became acquainted with a lad who was bouncer in the La Union Café. He was called "Chips," due, likely, to the fact that he had been the carpenter on the ship he had jumped some months before. There were two or three other Americans "on th' beach" in Callao at the time. Chips provided eats for us most of the time. He wasn't bouncer in La Union for fun.

CHRISTMAS EVE we were all sitting around the café mooning over past Christmases. The air was cool outside, but it was altogether too warm for any Christmas Eve — it is midsummer down there when it is midwinter up here. Chips stood over against the bar grinning at us.

"I'll invite all you bums to a real Christmas feed tomorrow. Up at my dump," Chips spoke up suddenly. "I'll bet none of you will be whinin' about Christmas dinners you've had after you've wrapped your tongues around the one you'll have — tomorrow."

Chips, who must have been fairly well versed in culinary art, showed his Spanish light-o'-love, Dolores, how properly to "roast the crow" — the "crows," in this case, being plump, juicy ducks which were served with nut dressing, and accompanied with jellies and all else that goes toward making up a sumptuous Christmas dinner.

What we did to that dinner left no "scraps" for Chips and Dolores to argue about next day. Nor was that all: Chips, as I've previously mentioned, was not bouncer in La

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Union for nothing. We had bottles, plenty of them, of every kind of drink served in La Union. We raised so much Cain that all of us were pinched and later deported. I have always found it easy to get out of the States, but I'm usually deported right back to them after a few months ashore in a foreign country.

THE next Christmas dinner I ate in a foreign country as a busted beachcomber, was in the Hanbury Institute, Shanghai, China. Primarily, this is a "home" for British seamen, but on Christmas Day the "guests" there represent the riffraff from the Seven Seas.

On ordinary days beachcombers were not only frowned upon but, occasionally, jumped upon by the Manager of the Hanbury Institute. He would jump on them for bringing bottles of *samshu* into the place and drinking it. As there was a big reception room that looked out upon Seward Road, and as *samshu* cost but ten cents, Mex., a pint, it made it pretty nice for the beachcombers who had gone out on the Bund and bummed a little change, to buy a kill-me-quick brand of poison and drink it in the Hanbury's reception room — if the Manager didn't see them. However, on Christmas Day, all animosity on the part of the Manager toward beachcombers was forgotten and, if he acted halfway decently, any beachcomber was welcome to his Christmas dinner the year I was in Shanghai.

Some of these fellows had been on the Shanghai beach for months. Some were up against the "Black Smoke" (opium), and others were so up against it for clothes that in any other city in the world, had they appeared dressed as they were, they would have been pinched — all of them were busted and hungry. Judging by the way they one and all wolfed down their Christmas dinner, it must have been their first real, substantial meal since the Christmas before.

The last Christmas dinner I ate as a hobo in a foreign country was in the Mayo Marine Institute, Rangoon, Burma. Nearly a year before I had jumped my ship at Calcutta, India, cruised around upper India for a while, then returned to Calcutta where I booked "deck passage" (living, eating and sleeping out on deck with the native passengers) to Rangoon.

IT WAS late in October, the weather fine, and I had money enough to take me up the Irrawaddy to Mandalay — from there I'd have to go ashore and get over the country in my usual manner. I had a great time for a month and a half before again landing in Rangoon, three or four annas in my pocket and Christmas less than ten days away.

The Mayo Marine Institute is to Rangoon what the Hanbury Institutes are to Shanghai and Hongkong — for seamen only. My nautical documents identified me as a seaman; my fast talking got me quarters there on credit, against the time I would again take ship.

I had forgotten Christmas. The twenty-fifth of December in the tropics is a great deal different from Christmas Day in northern latitudes. One loses track of Christmas Day, particularly when he sees nothing to remind him of it — certainly, dark

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visaged, be-turbaned Hindus are not suggestive of the Day. It was not until the day before Christmas that I had it thrust upon me, so to speak, when I passed through the dining room in the afternoon and saw the entire native staff busily engaged in decorating the place in bright colors and imitation holly berries.

Even though I was a "credit guest" there, I was a plebeian beachcomber in the eyes of the Institute's executives — I might add that I held no illusions, myself, about my social status. Anyway, all hands forgot about social status — theirs and my own — that night when the Superintendent of the Institute came into the dining room and, wishing us a good evening, told us a regular Christmas dinner would be served next day and for none of us to miss it.

THERE were only two beachcombers in Rangoon at the time: a middle-aged Swede, who had been on the Rangoon beach for months — I was the other. The Swede's everyday welcome had been worn out at the Institute, so that now the only time he ate there was when he dug up the money to pay for it. My welcome was becoming threadbare, and I thanked my lucky stars that Christmas Day was happening along at this time rather than a week later.

The dinner we sat down to was almost a full dress affair. Officers in their "soup and nuts" from their ships anchored out in the fairway, or warped alongside the docks; marine officials from up town, dressed in like manner; the Superintendent, in all his sartorial elegance — and the Swede and myself.

The Swede wore a neat pair of mohair trousers, a clean, silk shirt, and an expectant smile. I wore "shorts," a white duck coat, and a bit of a blush. But, so far as the Superintendent or any of the guests were concerned, we were "one of them." And the dinner — well I hope I always get one as good Christmas Day as that one was. Although I got fired out of there in less than a week after Christmas because I wouldn't take a ship, the memory of that Christmas dinner will remain a long time with me.

THE last Christmas dinner I ate as a vagabond was here in New York, three or four years ago. It was supplied by the Seamen's Church Institute, of No. 25 South Street. As a dinner it certainly left nothing to be desired.

It is proverbial what happens to Jack ashore with money in his pockets. It is an unusual seaman, indeed, who has the price of a feed or a flop in his dungarees a month after he has left his last ship. The executives of the Seamen's Church Institute know this and, because they are a bit philanthropic, anyway, they make it a point to serve their guests a fine dinner every Christmas, and if seamen who are not guests at the Institute happen to attend the dinner, they eat along with the rest.

The dinner I speak of, at which I was a grateful guest, was served behind big, plate glass windows, under artistic electric lighting fixtures, on spotless linen — until we sea cunies got started — in a first class restaurant, which the Institute rented for that day.

Mrs. Janet Roper, House Mother of the Institute, Miss Frances Kel-

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logg and the Rev. Mr. Renison, Chaplain for the Institute, officiated at this affair, and it must have been an incongruous sight to the passer-by who looked through the clean windows to see all of us sea gypsies being served a swell Christmas dinner by waiters in dress suits.

I do not expect to eat any more Christmas dinners as a hobo or a beachcomber, but, if the occasion arises, I am sure that I can go to any of these three executives of the Seamen's Church Institute, if I happen to be in New York at the time, and any of them will gladly give me a "ticket" to the dinner they will serve Christmas Day.

Sonnet

By Rowena Bastin Bennett

Life, press me not so hard with lash of toil
As ancient Pharaohs pressed their helpless slaves.
I am not indolent — afraid to soil
My hands with labor — but my spirit craves
A pause in which silently to explore
The realms of beauty. Does the sea not beat
With less monotony upon the shore
On dreamy days, and cool her weary feet
Among the singing shells, and to her breast
Clasp snowy clouds? Does not the frost whose task
It is to seal the lips of rivers, rest
And crystallize her thoughts in stars? I ask
This boon: enough of leisure to commune
With these dark hills that dare to lift the moon.

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Limiting Skyscrapers

By Arthur Dewing

The second of a series of three articles dealing with the public's architectural rights, discusses congestion and height of buildings

No thoughtful student of the times can logically oppose the skyscraper. It is as integral and can be as useful a part of American civilization as the telephone. Indeed, not without an element of truth, it might be claimed more useful. For while the telephone brings all the business world (on which America today depends) into close communication, the skyscraper, concentrating the business populations over comparatively small areas, facilitates industry by providing opportunities for personal contacts that would not otherwise be possible; and no matter how television is perfected, important business is not likely to be settled elsewhere than in conferences. Moreover, while some people still prefer to live in private houses, the majority of American city dwellers today manifestly choose rather to command the services which skyscraper apartment buildings furnish to their occupants in common. Unquestionably American cities need new skyscrapers. America has yet to realize, however, that the skyscraper requires a new kind of city.

It is, in fact, impossible to discuss the skyscraper, with its thousands of inhabitants, its prominence, and its obstruction of light and air, without discussing its relation to the city. Why, then, should skyscrapers often be built with scant or no consideration of it? Why should any skyscraper be erected without a detailed study of the relation it will bear (1) to the city as a whole; (2) to the district of which it will be a part; and (3) to the square on which it will stand?

Notwithstanding the prevalent opinion that skyscrapers as individual buildings have probable lives of only some twenty to thirty years, conceivably skyscrapers now under construction may stand a century or more. Prosperity, the last year has made quite plain, is not with us always. Possibly America's present period of building may reach its peak before the next half century has elapsed. Whether it does or not, the essential waste and exploitation in creating anything as expensive as a skyscraper without planning it for permanence are irrefragable. Struc-

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turally, skyscrapers are so built. Socially they are not.

Properly planned for the future, the relation of the building to the growing city is of first importance; for though its interior can be made over, its structural form can not be altered radically. From the standpoint of traffic — avenues, cross streets, pedestrians, motors — how can the proposed building best be designed to help alleviate the present congestion, not increase it?

From that of the district, considering existing and possible future buildings, how can planning be designed to give the district the maximum of air, light and free movement? What height and size are best suited to the district's present and probable future needs? From the viewpoint of the square on which it is to stand, how can it best be designed to provide the maximum of convenience in relation to existing buildings? Should its erection be delayed until a larger lot area for its base becomes available (not only until the available area makes it a sound investment)? Until the whole square can be secured? Satisfactory solutions of these problems are vital to the proper growth of the city. Yet today they seem to govern the erection of few buildings. A salient case in point is the talk of incorporating garages in the type of skyscraper we now have. Such a garage might serve, it has been estimated, perhaps one-thirtieth of the occupants, or say 1,000 persons in one of the largest buildings. Imagine an unbroken stream of even 500 automobiles — at the rush hours twice a day — added to the traffic of the present city streets at any place in any congested area!

If America's building activity is to be turned to America's advantage, that is, to the benefit of whole urban populations, not simply to augmenting the prestige and wealth of a relatively small group — the builders — then the development of any given building must be made strictly contingent on the best interests of the city. Building laws controlling sanitation, fire exits, and to some extent zoning, already exist in important American and foreign cities. Architecture has evolved from them: the now familiar set-back type of skyscraper is the direct product of New York's zoning regulations. To go one step further and empower architectural planning boards for cities is by no means a utopian dream, though at first it would unquestionably be difficult to make them function satisfactorily. Certainly they should be divorced from politics: their members obviously should not be political appointees.

It might not be impracticable for local chapters of the American Institute of Architects and local real estate organizations jointly to appoint committees that, each in its own city, would recommend progressive legislation by which *laissez faire* building would be abolished. Nor is it impossible that such committees might locally be endowed (as they would have to be) to carry necessary ordinances through the politicians and make them effective after being passed. Unless something of the sort is done, the common citizen will suffer increasingly with the entry

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of each new competitor in the race for height.

Such procedure would be said to invade the rights of individuals, for ownership of a piece of land would then no longer give a man the right to erect on it virtually any kind of building that he chose. The freedom of the individual can never be too carefully guarded. One must not forget, however, that, as the wise King of Brobdingnag maintained, "a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about *for cordials*." (The italics are mine.) People today are living together by the millions, and if anything except chaos is to result they must work and build together for the common good. In such a society an individual, who abuses his rights by imposing on his neighbors, sacrifices that part of his freedom which he abuses. That is to say, a man should be able to hold and to talk and write about any opinion he pleases; but also, in society as it exists, he is free to make others live according to his personal concepts of what should be only in so far as those concepts are not detrimental to his neighbors. Probably we would all prefer to think of society as giving the individual complete freedom of action as well as thought; but it is doubtful if any society ever has, certainly our own does not, and it is unlikely that any will during the lifetime of the readers of this article.

In questions architectural the only even approximately adequate judge of what is needed and what is detrimental would seem to be some such non-political body as has been suggested. For any one man, or partisan group, to dictate the form of a skyscraper, which houses thousands of people and directly affects millions more, is absurd. When the public, as we have seen, pays in rent and investment for building space, it has the right to the best that human ingenuity can contrive.

A builder of a skyscraper should, at the very least, be required first to accumulate a lot area that bears a direct and thoughtfully determined relation to the height of his proposed building. In New York today, above a specified point whose location depends on the width of the street faced, a tower of unlimited height may rise on an area not exceeding one-fourth of the base area of the building itself (that is, the lot on which the building stands), with the additional restriction that the face of the tower can not come within forty-five feet of the building line on a cross street sixty feet wide, or twenty-five feet of that on an avenue one hundred feet wide. Clearly, a certain base area is necessary before one-fourth of it is an economically practicable area for a floor in a tower so restricted. Nevertheless, in the city today more than one tower, unlimited in height except as stated, may and does rise from the same square, thus obstructing light and air which, if but one enormous tower, or several smaller with setbacks proportionately nearer to the streets, rose from that square, might reach its streets in larger and more pleasing shafts. To this lay observer it would seem that towers of unlimited height might well be permitted only on buildings whose bases occupy squares, and that the heights

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of all others might advantageously be limited in direct proportion to the areas of their bases — limited by the city's need for light, air and vistas, as related to a reasonable economic return promised.

THE question deserves attention, for nobody can say to what height skyscrapers may ultimately reach. W. C. Clark, of S. W. Straus and Co., and J. L. Kingston, of Sloan and Robertson, Architects, after a comprehensive survey, determined that, under existing conditions in New York, and with a typical midtown Manhattan block as the base area, an average diminishing return on the total amount of the investment would result after a height of some sixty-three ("the point of maximum economic return") to seventy-five stories was reached. Harvey Wiley Corbett, in an article in *The New York Times*, has expressed the belief that "structurally speaking one hundred stories is the maximum height to which any building erected on one of our present city squares could possibly rise, and that eighty stories is much nearer the economic point to which they will be carried." This estimate he bases on a detailed consideration of rents and such construction elements as the amount of steel needed at greater heights and improved elevator transportation.

Elevators are of special interest and importance. While the shafts must run the whole height of the building and thus occupy valuable space on every floor, each elevator can serve, if it is to provide the prompt transportation demanded, only a limited number of floors. Elevator manufacturers now propose, by means of safety devices, to run two distinct cars in one shaft at the same time; the upper, an express to and local above a specified floor, the lower simply a local to the floor immediately below that on which its mate first discharges passengers. Such elevators would make possible, as Mr. Corbett points out, "a building much higher than was originally contemplated under any system of elevator operation now in use."

WITH new heights for skyscrapers in prospect (the prestige attached to "the world's tallest building" makes the competition keen), the American public may well ask: what of our streets? Throughout America millions have been spent on schemes for city planning, yet except for a few double-decked streets, notably in Chicago and New York, America's municipal governments have made no effort to bring the street systems up to date with the buildings. That buildings and urban populations of a magnitude beyond the most prophetic Ancient's wildest dream should be served by streets the Romans might have planned, is about as sensible as it would be to carry on our ocean trade in galleys or to print this magazine by hand. American metropolises, with their business populations settling increasingly in concentrated areas, require streets adapted to the needs of the new architecture and the new city populations, streets as original in concept as the buildings which they serve.

For the best proposals to date we must again turn to the writings of Mr. Corbett. Elevated, arcaded side-

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walks, and covered walkways to traffic centres, would seem, he says, the best solution of the traffic problem. Walking is far more convenient and desirable for short distances than motor transportation, if the pedestrian is insured against delay at crossings and protected from bad weather. And by raising sidewalks one story and restricting the streets to vehicles, the vehicular traffic capacity of the present streets would be materially increased. Such sidewalks — certainly if skyscrapers took the square as the unit for their bases — would become an integral part of the new buildings, and with bridges at all crossings would give walking again its logical place in city life and facilitate motor traffic to a degree of which today we have no conception. Then zoning could be truly scientific. Definite and distinct traffic centres, with perhaps parking spaces and garages beneath, would radiate express traffic avenues in turn feeding and fed by cross streets. Skyscrapers within comfortable walking distance would be connected with these centres by covered walkways. Similarly the large buildings not located at subway stations could have covered walkways leading to them, as New York's Grand Central district has, in part, today. Why should not the designs of new skyscrapers at least make possible the incorporation of elevated sidewalks in the buildings without fatal alterations?

SOONER or later, too, a satisfactory relation must be established between aircraft and the city. Because of the great risks involved, it has never seemed probable that airplanes would be permitted, at least for some years, to land on even the tallest buildings man may erect. And while skyscrapers are more suited to provide, occasionally, mooring masts for dirigibles, this, also, does not seem likely to prevail to any great extent. A convenient relationship between aviation and the city can best be established by facilitating transportation to and from the airports, and by locating airports near the city, not miles away as now. New York, for instance, would benefit far more by having a commercial aviation field on Governor's Island than the United States does by maintaining its old military post in that part of the harbor.

IT MUST always be remembered that, whether or not we personally approve, the movement today in all manifestations of American civilization is decidedly towards specialization of function. The individual is no longer self-sufficient, but depends increasingly on others and the harmony of his relations with others, for almost everything he needs or wants. In architecture this movement is immediately apparent. New York has practically of itself grown with finance and municipal affairs downtown, the clothing trades from Fourteenth Street through the Thirties, real estate centring about Forty-second Street, the better retail shops on Fifth Avenue, and amusements on and in the neighborhood of Broadway from Times Square to Columbus Circle. In a large city convenience makes such centralization of the various interests necessary. So true is this that when a new skyscraper is opened a movement of

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the business population is noticeable. And already a tendency to closer concentration is found: to cite New York again, there has been for some time a building where many architectural services maintain offices, and the new Rockefeller entertainment centre promises to house four large theatres and twenty-seven broadcasting studios.

People have grown used to height; they now desire its accompanying fresh air, light, quiet and vistas; today the only prejudices against office space far above the street lie in its cost and, beyond a certain limit, in elevator service which, as we have seen, is likely to improve. Concentration of specific business interests in specific buildings can be one of the outstanding commercial achievements of the skyscraper.

But the skyscraper can not begin to realize its potentialities until city and skyscraper begin to develop rationally together. That is why the Rockefeller entertainment centre, whose construction involves the demolition of three square blocks in the heart of New York, and whose announced plans promise changes in the streets affected, may prove one of the most significant undertakings in the history of architecture.

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Selling South America

By Gardner L. Harding

Which Includes the Effect of Eskimo Pies on the Piano Business

In the troubled years that followed the Armistice it became a habit for Americans to abuse each other about our trading habits in Latin America. The argument ranged over the whole field of our foreign trade, for in those days a harvest of some sort was being reaped for the first time in almost every country in the world by a new and unabashed and eternally hopeful generation of American merchants. But it was in Latin America that the errors of that new era were most numerous, most widely circulated and altogether most unsettling to our self-esteem.

For some years, as those who took part in it will vividly remember, our home-coming American trade representatives went on heaping scorn and recrimination on each other. The American public, knowing very little of the reputation of American business abroad except what appeared in print, began to take this harsh self-analysis seriously. We felt ourselves confirmed in the long-standing impression that Americans got most uncomfortably into deep water by trading abroad. It seemed to require a finesse, especially south of the Rio Grande, that we possessed neither in knowledge of the people and their customs, nor in the technique of overseas commerce in general. We packed with no knowledge of where the goods were going and we shipped with no assurance of our customers' credit standing. We could not discipline our shippers, who sold to honest South American merchants goods below specification and at prices higher than the agreed quotation. We dumped superfluous goods and we turned down orders when we found the home market more profitable.

We rowed and wrangled with each other about all these things, and the general public shook its head and inwardly abandoned Latin America to our European competitors, who had behind them generations of delicate operations in just this sort of business and only the brief interruption of the war to recover from before they could resume the ascendency that accident, but apparently not destiny, had placed in our way.

When this acrimonious American self-scrutiny had been proceeding for five or six years, however, the unassuming gentlemen who keep the

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records of our trade began to take note of a remarkable development in Latin America which escaped and still escapes our politicians and publicists. Argentina, it seems, was buying more American automobiles than any other nation save Canada. American agricultural and construction machinery, typewriters, hosiery, structural steel, locomotives, rubber tires, electrical goods, hardware, canned fruit and fish, cameras and pianos, all began to appear, properly shipped and handled, ingeniously sold and soundly financed, in many parts of this great Latin American world of ninety million population, which had been considered to be crammed with anti-American susceptibilities. We equalled the trade of our three principal rivals combined, in 1925 we passed it, and in 1929 our margin was greater than ever before. From 1922 to 1929, when American trade in Latin America was meeting growing competition each year from England, France and Germany, we increased our exports from 558 millions to 973 millions. We sold the Latin Americans in 1929 almost forty per cent of all the things they bought abroad, and England, France and Germany sold them together about thirty-five per cent.

IT CAN not be said, therefore, that the common legend of our inexpertness in Latin America has been borne out by the facts, nor that the cold shoulder that the world's book of popular fables allots us at the hands of our fellow Americans accords with this picture of their buying habits in the free markets of the world. What has happened has been that our self-scrutiny did not evaporate in fatalism but was put to work in a resolutely constructive spirit to solve the secret of inter-American trade.

Shortly after the war there began to be created a technique of American foreign trade for the first time in our history, based on the trial and error method and rooted in a new spirit of coöperation in which the successful and experienced placed their methods as an open book before the less experienced and the novices. Within an extraordinarily short space of time, and in Latin America more conspicuously than in any other part of the world, American foreign traders set up practices which are not only proving successful today but, when coldly assessed by German, French and British trade agents, have been commended by these same men to their home governments and their home manufacturers as more apt, more skilful and more effective methods of doing foreign business than their own.

TODAY we carry on business with Pernambuco and Buenos Aires as intelligently and as elastically as we do with Seattle and San Diego. Our credit arrangements, fortified today by American banks all over Latin America, are as generous and as astute as they are at home — and their losses do not reach half of one per cent a year. Our packing is now for the final destination and not for the shipside alone, and we ship in sacks and not in barrels when the final destination is muleback. We have mastered a Spanish that is no longer "pidgin," and our advertisements have the flavor of each sepa-

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rate republic. Our Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce is the world's smartest force of trade scouts, and under the patient attention of President Hoover they have equipped themselves to pounce on every fact that means business and transmit it with celerity to men who can use it. We advertise in Latin America more closely to the consumer demand than any other nation. We have built up for all standard articles an assurance of the modern habit of American business that guarantees to the buyer the "servicing" of his purchase by a competent agent, by repair, replacement of parts, and instruction, as long as he uses it. In short, we may have carried some of the shortcomings of American business to Latin America, but we have certainly adapted its strong points as well.

WE HAVE placed mass production of a vast range of articles, which mean a better standard of living, at the disposal of the Latin Americans. And the fact that the United States Steel Corporation, for instance, makes one thousand eight hundred of its products for export alone is indicative of the degree to which we have specialized on goods that are intelligently sold to purely foreign specifications. Not so very long ago an American company added to its bid for a consignment of locomotives in the Argentine the offer to deliver them under steam on the rails ninety days after the receipt of the order. And though our bid was 38,000 pesos per engine higher than our lowest European competitor, we obtained the order and delivered the locomotives — in fifty-nine days. Today an American locomotive pulls the presidential train on the Argentine railways. That is one reason, characteristic of dozens of others, why we are holding our own in Latin American trade.

ALTHOUGH Americans have not made serious and continuous efforts in Latin America until the last decade, the past is full of brilliant instances of our courage and ingenuity as pioneers. A classic example is our development of the ice business with Argentina and Brazil away back in the days before the Civil War. It took Frederic Tudor, of Boston, twenty-eight years to make a fortune in this unique and original business. But he succeeded in shipping Wenham Pond ice packed in pine sawdust and carried in double-sheathed vessels to Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro at a time when our Latin American trade was drying up for want of a first class American export commodity. His experiment survived more than a generation of ridicule and the loss of two fortunes, but eventually Henry Thoreau could hear in the midst of his beloved woods the rumblings of the ice wagons carrying New England pond ice to Boston for shipment south of the equator.

Tudor filled the holds of his vessels with good Baldwin apples and ingeniously proved the effects of refrigeration while adding another valuable asset to his trade. For a long time he gave away the ice in the Brazilian and Argentine ports; then he began to promote ice cream and cold drink establishments, and furnished ice free to doctors and hospitals with public announcements on its use in preserving food. He

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built ice houses and sold ice below cost, then he raised the price to a profit which eventually brought him a fortune of over a million dollars. His success in having port duties remitted on the ground of the promotion of public health by his ice trade first called the attention of Latin Americans to the new principle of sanitation which Tudor had put at their disposal and undoubtedly enlarged the standard of living in its day enormously. Its direct descendant, the use of artificial ice, has created one of the greatest of Argentine industries, the export of frozen meat. It is not inappropriate that the Argentine meat industry is owned and operated to the extent of something over 60 per cent by American firms and that under modern forms of canning and refrigerating these products today go to the ends of the earth.

THERE are many other examples throughout Latin America of the strong impress of this early trade with the North Americans. The stone brought down as ballast from the rocky hills of New England, when southbound cargoes were wanting, may today be seen thriftily piled up in stone walls in many parts of Colombia and Venezuela. When we first began to import large quantities of Brazilian rubber we returned the compliment by introducing in South American markets American galoshes, overshoes and rubbers — the first time that these articles of footwear had been seen. By 1850 three-quarters of the exports of our Lowell textile mills went to South America. We were the first to supply Latin America with India shawls and China silks, and our Canton cargoes were probably the most popular freights American shipmasters brought to Latin America during the last century. We carried on a triangular trade in which South American coffee and hides and Asiatic pepper, tea, silk and other textiles shuttled back and forth in American ships in which our hardware, textiles, small manufactures and apples supplied steady cargoes as the ice trade eked out American gold in providing a thriving commerce. Even lumber shipped in one of our vessels went down in one of the oddest of all the ventures, the firewood trade, and there was no trading voyage up until well into the era of steam in which Americans did not have a prominent and sometimes a predominant share.

THERE is history in inter-American trade, and history of which we may be proud. In later days the brilliant career of Minor C. Keith, who transformed a few straggling, poorly constructed and unprofitable railway lines in Salvador and Guatemala into the International Railways of Central America, brings the romance of the trade well up into our own day. Mr. Keith lived to see one of the largest railroad enterprises operated by Americans outside the United States become the essential link of communication north of Panama. This former clerk in a Broadway dry goods store became the James J. Hill of Central America, and with Andrew W. Preston, a former ship captain, formed the United Fruit Company in 1899, which has since perfected the most complete fruit transportation and

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distribution system that exists anywhere in the world and has been an indispensable agent in the emergence of the Central American republics as factors to be counted on in the development of Latin America.

THERE is adequate basis, therefore, for North American business to feel at home in Latin America. What we are exporting to Latin America is the American standard of living. Not always do the same commodities fill the same wants in Latin America that they do in the United States. The Quaker Oats Company, for instance, found they could not sell this essentially northern cooked breakfast food to tropical countries. With an ingenuity worthy of Tudor himself, however, they transformed their sales campaign into an endeavor to sell Quaker Oats as a health food, as a body-building, nutritious dietary element that could be prescribed by doctors and served to undernourished people. On this shrewd adaptation of their product to a real want they have built up an immense volume of sales and are probably today better known on the River Plate than they are on the Hudson.

The story of the remarkable connection between Eskimo Pie and the sale of player pianos in Ecuador also illustrates the closeness with which the products and demands of Latin American countries are bound up with the vast production of the United States. When this generic product, which now goes under half a dozen trade names other than Eskimo Pie, was first modestly put out, the Ecuador cocoa market was in a slump, having suffered grievously in competition with the new cheap cocoa gathered by Negro labor in West Africa. But not many months after this novel confection had conquered the American appetite things began to change in Ecuador. The first instance of the change was noted by the Æolian Company in New York, which discovered on its order books one day several dozen orders for the most expensive grades of player pianos and musical instruments from Ecuador. After discovering just where Ecuador was, the officials of the company at length traced that prosperity to the overnight demand for the bitter chocolate which Ecuador was supplying to the manufacturers of Eskimo Pie. The sweet, porous African chocolate was unsuitable to the process, and from being a drug on the market Ecuador's cocoa suddenly became a fairly active commodity. Its exports steadily rose from 3,500,000 tons in 1921 to 6,500,000 tons in 1928. The truth of this sudden demand for luxuries is also attested by the prosaic figures which show $25,000 worth of American musical instruments imported into Ecuador in 1926 suddenly rising to $160,000 worth, including four times as many pianos of all the best grades, in 1928.

IT WAS natural for Ecuador to spend its money in the United States, whose citizens went on eating Eskimo Pies totally unaware of what had happened. Our alterations in Latin American economics are not all so accidental, of course. One of the most interesting trends we have set on foot is to carry the processes of Latin American raw products farther along with the

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benefit of local labor before shipping them to us. We used to distill our own quebracho, the world's indispensable ingredient for tanning leather, from logs shipped from the River Plate. But we grew tired of paying tribute to British shipowners for the transport of these unwieldy logs, and so encouraged and helped to finance the manufacture of quebracho for export in Argentina. The industry is now fully established there, and logs are utilized at home, with the resulting development of another basic industry in the Argentine Republic. We have also convinced Brazil that she should learn from her bitter experience with rubber, when she lost the market largely because she would not grade her product. Now Brazil is grading her own coffee and her increased expertness in marketing it has mitigated somewhat the unhappy situation arising out of her overproduction. We have induced Venezuela and Ecuador to grade their cocoa, and Uruguay and Argentina to grade their wool. Every dollar paid to labor not only stabilizes the product but helps to produce more prosperous markets for our own commodities.

AMERICAN manufacturers know perfectly well that it is adding buying power to these countries that really produces a market for our goods, and there are many other ways in which they are acting upon this far-seeing idea. Recently one of our steel manufacturers has been delivering in Cuba American stoves in parts stamped and enameled in this country. Heretofore the Cubans bought their stoves ready set up from Germany, France and Belgium, and to a smaller extent from ourselves, paying not only for the completed stove itself but in many cases an equal amount for freight and packing. Now we have taken over the stove market in Cuba and are supplying three stove manufacturing plants with our parts, and incidentally providing another manufacturing industry for a country which needs nothing so much as logical basic industries to take the curse off the sugar monopoly.

LITERALLY hundreds of such manufacturing operations have been fostered by American manufacturers during the past ten years. We have invested $2,500,000,000 of our surplus funds in such enterprises on our own responsibility in Latin America, and it may be said incidentally, so far as investments go, that our capital is today very nearly as great as that invested in Latin America by Great Britain. From 1913 our investments have grown from a billion and a quarter to five and three-quarters billions, while Britain's in the same period have grown from five billions to about five billion nine hundred million. In Argentina and Brazil we are still substantially behind our rivals from Threadneedle Street, but in Chile and all the countries north we stand even or better, while the three-fifths of our total investment which are located in Mexico and Cuba all but make those countries part of the American economic hegemony. It is most significant of all that a large part of our investment in Latin America has been in the form of development of productive enter-

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prises there, under the direct supervision of, or with managerial participation by, American investors and their agents.

AMERICAN manufactured goods and American capital are potent in Latin America, but they can not grow on an absentee basis. One of the radical changes of modern times is, therefore, the much more abundant presence of Americans in the countries to the south of us. Last year, for instance, more than 5,000 American tourists and travellers visited Argentina and many of them travelled extensively in the provinces. There is a permanent American colony, mostly in Buenos Aires, of about 3,000 Americans. They comprise among their number customs brokers, steamship men, agents of American firms, bankers, wholesale and retail dealers, physicians, teachers, lawyers and professional men of all classes. They are a community, outside our borders, of which any nation might be proud. It is they who have given their united backing to quick sea communications from the United States, which have been one of the keys to our trade growth throughout the Continent. Now American vessels operate to all points of South America, offering faster service than British vessels — 18 days from New York to Buenos Aires and 20 days from New York to Valparaiso, with corresponding fast time to other South American ports on both coasts. The merchant marine of the United States has risen to the emergency and matches and exceeds its competitors in passenger and freight accommodations and in alertness in getting and holding business. All in all, I would not have any hesitation in saying that our sea transportation to the key ports of South America is fully 50 per cent better than it was before the war.

IT IS our successful merchandising, however, that has really wrought the great change in our position in Latin America. The more conspicuous details of the change which I have given above may be supplemented by a list of hundreds of cases in which the ingenious disposition of the American and his more recently acquired patience in understanding and appreciating the people of Latin America have made possible this permanent growth in our relationship. It is rather an anomaly, for instance, that most of the corsets used in Latin America, for purposes which we indistinctly remember, are manufactured in our own busy country. We developed the finest corset making machinery in the world and we are now supplying those parts of it where the product is utilized, and one of those is Latin America. Our shoe manufacturers do not sell American style shoes in Latin America, but, especially in Argentina, accord with the local demand and specialize on the Spanish style with its high vamps for women and the more elegant pointed toe for men. We sell bicycles and especially motorcycles, even to the detail of supplying tire patches of all sizes to the local service stores. Our gramophone records are now practically all made with Spanish as well as English titles, for almost half of our entire output, including symphonic as well as jazz records, eventually revolves to Latin American

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needles. We make Spanish typewriters, Spanish adding machines and Spanish labelled office appliances of an ever increasing assortment. With no disrespect to their competitors, there are many places in Latin America where "kodak" is the local word for camera, and "Singer" is universally understood to mean sewing machine. And you can not travel in any Latin American country without having a score of American proprietary medicines meet your eye during your first glance at the newspapers or at the shop and billboard signs on the streets. The American Medical Association may or may not be happy to learn that there is now a factory in Havana where Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is manufactured for the particular delight and well-being of those members of the sisterhood of St. Lydia of Lynn who live in Hispanic America.

Our manufacturing industry with its high-power production and low unit cost carries many coals back to Newcastle year by year with our Latin American neighbors. Peru is practically the world's only source of cinchona bark from which quinine is made, and yet at the head of the list of American medicines imported into Peru is prepared quinine, which we supply to the country of its source at the rate of some $400,000 worth a year. We sell $2,000,000 worth of American confectionery annually to Cuba and the West Indies, the sugar bowl of the world. We sell over 120,000 pounds of chewing gum back to Mexico each year, though Mexico produces the ingredient, chicle, from which all chewing gum is made. We sell binder twine back to Yucatan, fertilizers and iodine to Chile, and American cigarettes to Cuba where the finest tobacco in the world is grown.

These are, of course, incidents in our mercantile exuberance, but they are borne along by channels of trade because those channels have now been deepened into permanent highways of commerce which have brought Latin America closer to us than at any time in our history. You will find much of the painstaking system of American business steadily being imbedded in Latin American life as evidence of the depth of this change. More than half of the Latin American republics have had American advisers, to remodel their budget systems and place State and often provincial finances on a basis of modern American accounting. In Cuba, Brazil, Argentina and Mexico the foreign credit executive committee of our National Association of Credit Men has either established or is establishing local associations to keep in close touch with commercial credit and to make frequent reports on the American model.

American telephone and telegraph systems now carry all our messages to and from the South American continent. One can speak today from New York as conveniently to Buenos Aires as to Chicago, and messages over all-American systems can be delivered in Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro in three minutes. American air mail routes, actual or prospective, serve both coasts, and passenger schedules will be opened in the not distant future. All in all, the factor of distance, which in the past gave

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Europe an immense advantage over North America, has been cut to the minimum by the energy of the American trading advance in the past ten years, and it is now scarcely a handicap south of the Equator and an increasing advantage in our favor farther north.

FINALLY, one should not fail to take into consideration the great and permanent changes that have been taking place throughout Latin America during, let us say, the past fifteen years. Even in the present year, marked by sporadic revolutions in half a dozen Latin American countries, this change is extraordinarily evident.

The commercial classes have far more to say concerning the government of Latin American countries than at any time in the past. Even the revolutions of recent months bear witness to this fact, for most of them have been economic and not political in character. Mexico has had two civilian Presidents and the succession in office was peacefully accomplished. Colombia had last year what was probably the most genuine constitutional election in the history of Latin America, and Brazil, in spite of its troubles, likewise went peaceably to the polls at its most recent and critical election. The eruption in Argentina, the first in thirty years, was not serious and no bloodshed has marred the changes of government in other countries than Brazil. In fact, a new generation of Latin Americans has made a surprising advance since the war in the stability and modern development of Hispanic America.

THE American trader was never in better relationship south of the Rio Grande than he is today. At no other time have we been in contact with a type of Latin Americans wider in their vision and more capable of carrying out intelligent policies of advancement and reform. It is not too much to say that inter-American trade has constituted the most interesting phase of the commercial progress of the world in the past ten years, and that it will have an even more impressive result in the vast development of the Latin American countries which the remainder of the century will undoubtedly witness.

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Rival Wings Over Europe

By A. G. West

It is interesting to learn that of all the topics that are closest and dearest to the hearts of the great nations of Europe, none is watched more attentively than the subject of air defense. Indeed, exposure to air invasion is the secret fear of the diplomats, and the problem of air disarmament the hidden thorn at recent international conferences.

That aviation has escaped from its earlier rôle of Cinderella to the Army and Navy may not yet be realized by these Older Sisters of warfare. The fact remains that it now has a position of prestige greater than either, and as General Balbo, Secretary of Air for Italy, pointed out last spring, "Aviation is the horrible unknown factor of future warfare." Thus it is that the recent budgets of foreign Powers reveal a sharply rising tide of air appropriations, in spite of the popular clamor for the reduction of armaments, and the scrapping of battle fleets.

The startling discovery that air control saved millions and millions of dollars to the treasury may have been the pioneer discovery of Great Britain following the brilliant and unexpected successes of her Royal Air Force in subduing warlike tribes in the Middle East. Obviously, if it is possible to police a vast area by air power, and have the work performed just as well and far more cheaply than with ground troops, other nations will try the same tactics. Moreover, it will be recalled that after the World War both France and Spain discovered the flexibility of air control on the Riff campaign in Morocco, where it was stated that upwards of 4,000 wounded soldiers had been removed from almost impossible terrain by aircraft.

The skirmishes on the Northwest Frontier of India, as well as in Irak and the Sudan, have attracted the attention of Premiers as well as tacticians, as the various great powers of the world have watched the guerrilla warfares that were successfully controlled by a mere handful of aviators. The economy effected in Irak by the use of air power, and more recently at Aden, was referred to last March in Parliament by Fred Montague, Under-Secretary for Air, when he pointed out that England is increasingly employing air forces in substitution for ground troops "on a scale not yet attempted by any other nation." The high light of the speech was the statement that it had been possible to use an air squadron of twelve machines and a total of 200 men at Aden, in replace-

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ment of one British and one Indian battalion of infantry with a total of about 1,600 combatants.

Astonishing figures have been quoted by officials as to the exact savings to the taxpayers through the use of air control. Of these estimates, the statement of Sir Samuel Hoare, former Air Minister of Great Britain, is the most illuminating, as he brought out that the previous garrison of ground troops in Irak had cost England more than $100,000,000 a year, but when air power was substituted, this had been reduced to $7,500,000 annually.

MEANWHILE, America has had but little interest in the progress of military aeronautics abroad, for the simple reason that for a century and a half we relied upon the fact that some three thousand miles of wide open sea stretched between this continent and the turbulent shores of Europe.

But it is important now to realize that this security, this remoteness, no longer exists except in our imagination. With the first flight across the Atlantic Ocean of Commanders Stone and Read in the *NC-4*, and with the subsequent passages of Alcock and Brown, of Lindbergh, Chamberlain, Shultz, Mermoz and Coste, this gap was definitely bridged.

There have also been numerous crossings by dirigibles, including the *R-34*, *Los Angeles*, *Graf Zeppelin* and *R-100*, and so it can hardly be said that this type of travel is any longer a novelty even from a commercial standpoint, and it should be obvious that it is no longer true, if indeed it ever was, that "America is immune from air attack." With the steady pressure of demand for more and more speed, and the cutting down of present air schedules between cities, the period now required to fly across the Atlantic will soon be shortened, and inevitably so.

As one air expert stated at a conference in London last fall, it should be no great surprise to those acquainted with the modern developments in aeronautics to pick up the morning paper and discover that one of the sturdy service squadrons of the Royal Air Force had quietly made the hop to Canada as part of their routine practice, in view of the fact that military pilots take annual training flights for far greater distances up to 12,000 miles. And just one such attempt would do more to bring home to America the advanced status of modern aviation than all the arguments one might hope to present in a lifetime.

THE particular reason that such a feat should be possible is that several foreign nations have so ably profited by their training for participation in recent Schneider Cup races that their squadrons now reflect the ultra-modern speed and streamlining formerly used in their racing models. What is even more important, their military aviators have had experience and training in the use of these faster planes, and in many cases are accustomed to flying aircraft that attain a high level of speed that varies from 220 to over 350 miles an hour.

Unfortunately, the United States has receded so far behind her sister nations in the matter of speed records that our military and naval air squadrons are actually flying 150

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miles an hour slower than the best European types. This startling fact was recently brought out before a Congressional hearing at Washington, D. C., by a former navy aviator, Lieutenant Alford Williams, and an inspection of recent developments abroad indicates still greater gaps.

Considering that strategists have always regarded the matter of a few knots speed of surface vessels as a vital point, and kept a strict watch over the progress of foreign ships in this respect, it is frankly astounding that our grave lapse in this urgent matter of air speed has attracted so little attention. When the ocean greyhound, the *Bremen*, crossed the Atlantic, interest in her speed was not solely on commercial accounts, as of course such craft are adaptable in short order for conversion in time of war emergencies.

THUS the negligence of America in maintaining even an approximation of foreign military air speeds is most surprising, and not the less so since this nation held the world record for seaplanes only four years ago, at the time that shortsighted officials decided to withdraw from further participation in the Schneider classic. Since relatively large sums were needed to maintain our standing, it was felt that it was neither advisable nor necessary to compete with our foreign rivals; that we had a number of useful models around the premises that should be used up; that our pilots no longer had the time to waste on such training; and that the trouble and expense incidental to such participation was too great for the Government to carry on any longer.

The fallacy of this argument is only too apparent today, and the United States might have observed the same effects as presented in France, after that nation dropped out of the Schneider Cup races some years ago. As it now stands, we are maintaining an air force that experts know is not the first, nor even the second, and possibly not even the third, in point of air speed efficiency.

IF THIS nation requires defense at all, if this country is to continue to spend millions on its aerial protection, it is frankly time to inquire why our air forces can not at least be as good as those of other nations, and to ask what we can hope to do with planes that are literally three years behind in design, and scores of miles slower in speed than the planes of foreign powers.

Nor is that all. For though it may be possible to build up a fleet of aircraft in a relatively short time, not every pilot is capable of increasing his ability to perform military acrobatics at the tremendous speeds used abroad, at a moment's notice. This is a matter that takes time, patience and careful training, and if such manœuvres are not to be a form of suicide, it is not too much for these aerial protectors of the nation to ask that they shall be given ample time to acquire practice in these vastly speedier planes.

As it looks at the present time, it would almost seem that the United States might well have afforded almost any reasonable expense incident to participation in the Schneider races rather than to have slipped behind so far that only some tre-

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mendous effort can possibly regain our former status. Three or four years ago it was reported from abroad that even the Turks were ahead of us on the matter of ceiling, and if it is true that this nation is the richest in the world, it is difficult to understand how any element of cost should be allowed to enter upon a problem on which rests the defense of our people, and possibly the safety of our vast domain.

As an outstanding example of the low ebb of our military speed, it will be recalled that last year, at the National Air Races held at Cleveland, it was discovered that a commercial plane flying at about 198 miles an hour had soundly beaten the best ships that the military authorities could put up. This regrettable incident so affected the Army authorities that this year at Chicago the annual classics of the Mitchel and the Mason M. Patrick Trophy Race were quietly omitted on one score or another, to avoid any further broadcasting of the fact that our military defenders in the air were so woefully behind the latest speed records.

It is stated that later on this race will duly take place in some sequestered air lane, but no details will be furnished to inquiring reporters, and it is hoped that they will not be too curious as to the time records as compared with civilian craft recently developed.

As this same factor of time is becoming increasingly important in any consideration of air invasion, the question of fast planes is something more than academic. Acrobatic manœuvres, upon which the life of the aviator may depend, require at least an approximation of speed similar to that of the opposing plane. And squadrons equal to flying at 220 to 300 miles an hour would be just so much harder to catch than squadrons rolling along at 164 miles an hour, the present rate of many of our naval pursuit craft.

Since success in future wars is generally believed by the experts to hinge upon the unexpected and drastic attack of hostile aircraft over large cities, with loss of their civilian morale, it is evident that this question of speed has its strategic value, also. In the old days, it was held that war must be a matter of attrition, of starving out the enemy, of camping right down beside him, or outside his walls. There was no great hurry. All the leader had to do was to wait and watch.

But the modern trend of thought is speed. We now believe that a few hours or days may be of vital moment in future wars. Strangely enough, it is hard to realize that we have developed little more in actual air tactics than was known in the last war, when planes were valued chiefly as eyes of the fleet or as observers for the ground force commanders. The idea that aircraft should function as a separate and effective unit has been most repugnant to the older school of strategy, and it has been quite apparent that the recently won spurs of aviation in the Middle East have been won in spite of, not because of, the aid received from leaders who have had but little faith in this new science of the air.

In this country, as well as in England or in France, the progress of air

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strategy has been seriously hampered by the fact that ground commanders know little and care less for the possibilities of air tactics apart from coöperation with artillery and infantry. Italy is not making this particular mistake, as it is said that Mussolini is permitting a new strategy to develop and affords his air leaders every encouragement.

THE air game is young. The tactics of air fighting are only in their infancy, but are being developed in a medium that is not limited in the way that the older arms found it necessary to overcome. Military and naval history is full of the accounts of victories achieved when new tactical principles were invented and applied suddenly by their leaders. There was the success of the Macedonian phalanx that swept through Asia. Later came the tactical innovation that enabled the Roman trireme to drive the rival power of the mighty Carthage from the Mediterranean. Cæsar, with his heavily armored legions, was able to cut the hardy Gauls to pieces. But it was at Crécy, in the Middle Ages, that the discovery of the cloth-yard arrow spelled the doom of the armored knight.

The massing of his artillery, and the repeated hammer blows, almost made a world conqueror of Napoleon, and it is more than probable that air power is susceptible to just such an unexpected and victorious application that will be developed by some great leader whose genius will avail itself of the possibilities of air conquest.

In the last war, startling results were obtained by even the simplest use of aircraft. Planes were flown in layers, at six or eight thousand feet in what was known as "chain formation," and individual "dog fights" were a frequent form of air combat. This was an extremely costly method of fighting, both in terms of pilots and in material. It was aerial warfare in its most primitive form, though somewhat in advance of the observation duties which many of the army leaders considered its best function.

But with the novelty introduced by such noted aviators as Baron Richthofen, who became famous with his "Flying Circus," there was indicated a new technique of the air, where cohesion to the group was discovered to be of great advantage from the standpoint of defense as well as offense.

AS VICTORY in the air will, in the last analysis, depend upon the success with which the defense group can operate effectively in the presence of hostile aircraft, this requires that the defense squadrons must at least be as fast as the enemy squadrons and preferably faster and capable of higher ceiling, in order to dive down on them and drive them off, with the minimum of loss to the defenders.

About two years ago, England was dismayed to learn at her annual air manœuvres over London that her new bombing planes of that date were so fast that they had succeeded in evading the attempts of her pursuit squadrons to catch them in time to prevent their "attacking" the city. This was a scandal that roused the nation to the possibility of a similar feat in actual war from hostile planes, and an energetic effort was made to bring out a faster fighter to overcome this hazard.

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Research has now developed what is known as the "interceptor" type, in addition to the regular pursuit plane, and it is now said that this Avenger, as it is called, fully answers all requirements. England has approximately ten minutes time in which to prepare for air invasion, counting from the moment that hostile aircraft reach her coast. Thus her defense planes must be in the air at not less than 20,000 feet, and ready to dive down on the enemy.

This is an incredibly short space of time. It includes the period in which the squadron is notified, the plane made ready, engine started, pilot in the cockpit, and the steep ascent attained. When it is realized that many planes need from forty to sixty minutes to reach high altitudes, the acceleration of the British type is most dramatic.

THERE is no need for a large cruising radius, and the authorities have therefore concentrated on superior climb and speed, which at 24,700 feet ceiling is stated to be roughly 172 miles an hour. This is the type of plane that the United States would do well to maintain near our key cities, such as New York and Boston, where instant action would be expected in order to repel fast planes from hostile carriers.

We have no type comparable with this, and while it is true that our problem is quite different from that of the European countries, where the borders are only a few hours or minutes away, the advantages of speedy climbers should be obvious to our seacoast centres.

The important types of military or naval planes may be judged from five standpoints in particular — speed, manœuvrability, climb, range, ceiling. A comparison of the types of our own and the latest English planes is a startling commentary on the superiority of the latter's development.

England has also evolved an ultra-modern and intricate alarm system that combines a hook-up of radio, telephone and telegraph, and that has been developed to a high standard by experts in the Air Ministry. Orders are issued from the officials on the ground to the pilots, and reports made from the planes back to the officials. Subsidiary stations in even the small towns are linked up by telephone, and constables as well as reserve volunteers are trained to co-operate in various manœuvres, so that a veritable network of communication shall warn the defenders in time of emergency.

It will be seen that Europe is taking her military aviation very seriously, when even small nations order parachutes in lots of 500 at a time, and countries like Esthonia and Finland demand fast pursuit types as rapidly as they are released for foreign use.

THE gesture of Europe to concede naval parity to the United States is frankly not without its humorous aspects, when it is realized that in order to maintain their prestige in the air they are not merely willing but eager to scrap expensive battle ships for which their experts privately doubt a later use. But this generous and whole-hearted attitude toward us is of somewhat less importance as a concession, when it is appreciated that the funds thus

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saved to such nations are promptly put to use in building up their model air squadrons.

At the very time that the official delegates from the Five Powers were in consultation at St. James's Palace in London over the knotty matter of disarmament and the scrapping of battle fleets, four of these nations, Italy, England, France and Japan, increased their air budgets to a figure higher than ever.

General Balbo, in an impassioned speech before the Chamber of Deputies at Rome, pleaded for a larger air appropriation, because "Ten army divisions are worth less for defense than an adequate number of aircraft."

Italy takes the attitude that a country should be prepared to protect its legitimate interests, and devotes 15 per cent or about 700,000,000 lire to her air control. France, which is generally conceded to have the largest air force in the world, spends about 25 per cent on this arm, or around $82,000,000, although it has lately been indicated that the new budget will allow still larger increases, as the Council of Ministers at Rambouillet announced that three-quarters of a million more francs than in 1930 will be shown in the 1931 estimates for national defense.

France had permitted her pursuit and bombardment squadrons to lower their speed records, just as we did, by dropping out of the Schneider races, but a vigorous effort is now being made to modernize these air groups this year and to approach the high level of speed maintained by Italy and England.

It should be realized in any discussion of military aircraft that every nation may have experimental types under test at its air stations, but that two or more years must elapse before the "wrinkles are ironed out" of these new models, and they appear in the squadrons of that government for active duty with the Army or Navy squadrons. Thus the statement that a country has a plane capable of doing a certain speed, "now under experiment," means rather less than it sounds, as a great deal of research and patience may be required before that model is desirable to turn loose in the fleet.

Japan, another nation represented at the naval parley, was recently reported to have made elaborate new defense plans which are said to cost in the neighborhood of $125,000,000, although some of the Japanese papers quote $280,000,000 as nearer the mark. In particular, it is significant to notice that this able Power, which has long been noted for its acuteness in military and naval strategy, now plans to treble its present air force, with a provision for eleven new air squadrons of eight planes each.

That Great Britain is interested in air control goes without saying, as has already been shown. Indeed, the responsibility for the protection of this "tight little isle" no longer rests on the Royal Navy, but squarely on the shoulders of the Air Ministry. Thus when her high officials announced in Parliament last spring that her latest requirements for air defense would be upwards of $4,250,000 more than in 1929, or a total of around $89,250,000, it became apparent that the *Pax Britannica* is to be upheld by using the speed and

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mobility of aircraft, and by diminishing the frozen capital of Imperial investments at sea, wherever possible.

England is fully conscious that her key cities are appallingly close to the hostile air bases of foreign Powers, though she does not care to discuss this fact. And with the steady decrease in the present small margin of safety of approximately ten minutes by air, it follows that constant research will be needed to provide faster pursuit types and to develop speedier bombers equal to those made elsewhere.

In a lesser sense, the acute problem of England is the problem of any nation, even our own. It should be obvious that the greater the speed of the military plane, the greater the need of a highly efficient and ultra-modern defense force. This Great Britain fully intends to have, and it is no secret that her air squadrons are probably the best equipped and fastest in the world. In addition, those squadrons have had invaluable training in the "policing" of the colonies and mandates, and can practise on such "fronts" the theories of the experimenters at home.

It is interesting to note that nations are now attempting to develop civil air lines which tend to link up their distant possessions. These aid in promoting interest in aeronautics and improve the speed and mobility of air forces generally, and are capable of becoming strategic military routes at short notice.

Several very amusing diplomatic skirmishes have taken place in the last two or three years to secure control of these same civil airways, notably over the route through Persia, to India, and down across the Panama Canal and along the East Coast of South America.

Germany and England have waged a most interesting campaign for the Bagdad route, which is extremely vital to the control of England's merchant fleets from the Far East, while France seems to be more concerned in the South Atlantic crossings, over which she inaugurated a commercial air route last spring to hook up with Brazil, Argentina and Chile.

An inspection of an air map of the world reveals an astounding number of established or of projected air lines, of which the interlocking network of the Lufthansa in Central Europe, the trans-Siberian routes of the Soviets, the Indian air mail of Great Britain, and the Pan-American air mails in and around Central and parts of South America, are the most strongly developed.

And simultaneously with this impulse toward civilian air lines there is an increase of training of the air squadrons comparable to the older "forced marches" of the infantry. Thus each year we hear that service planes have been dispatched to some far distant point, often on a "non-stop hop," as well as routine flights.

Great Britain, as one example, sent a group of three Fairey III Fox bombardment planes of 45 squadron from Helwan, Egypt, to Nigeria and the Gold Coast and back, a distance of 8,400 miles; another group of similar planes undertook the annual flight from Cairo to Cape Town and return, arriving home only five minutes late from their official schedule, after 11,200 miles of flying. Still

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another group tried the possibilities of flying through a southwest monsoon on a time-table schedule, between Calcutta and Singapore.

Three of our own army planes flew around South America several years ago, and bombardment groups have been out to the West Coast on several hops to indicate just what can be accomplished under service conditions.

However, until this country regains her position of prestige in the matter of speed for her military aircraft, and is prepared to maintain an air force that is at least comparable with those now flying at a rate impossible to our present standard types, we need not congratulate ourselves on having attained "parity on the seas." What we want, what we must have if we are to protect our nation, are planes fully equal to the best speed obtained abroad.

Whether this can be attained by non-participation in the Schneider Cup races is doubtful. The fact that England has dropped out for the moment means nothing more than that she has reached so high a level in her air forces that there is no immediate cause for improvement. After all, there must be a limit of some kind on this speed question.

But the United States certainly has not reached it. Not when her military planes lumber along the airways at many, many miles an hour slower than the types developed by other nations.

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Stephen Is Fourteen

By Sydney R. McLean

The story of Stephen has what we might call tragic implications. Surely an only child who feels himself unwanted is not destined to happiness. As a matter of fact, the boy was wrong; his mother and father wanted him and very dearly loved him. Where is the tragedy then, you ask? In his mind; and after all where else could it have more reality?

The trouble was that Stephen's mother and father were sufficient to each other. It was as if a curtain of invisible yet real separation dropped between them and the rest of the world. Their son felt that curtain, and sensitive, mind-and-body lonely as is every human creature at fourteen, he almost couldn't stand it.

Coming down to breakfast one April morning, Stephen hears his mother and father talking about a trip to Europe. They've never had enough money to go before, and Ruth Harrison has always longed to see foreign countries, especially Italy. She had dreamed, as a girl, of honeymooning in Capri or Sorrento, but the only wedding trip Phil could take her on was a week-end in Atlantic City. That's rankled in his mind for seventeen years; so now he's going to take her to Italy.

He says to her, "It'll be like a second honeymoon, Ruth. You certainly look young enough for a first."

Ruth laughs. "A honeymoon with a fourteen year old son along! Oh, Phil!"

Phil replies, "Well, you don't *look* old enough to be his mother."

Stephen, on the lowest step outside the dining room, hearing, is vaguely troubled. He is used to having people say to Mother, "This big boy your *son!*" Mother always laughs delightedly at such a remark and puts her arm in his as if seeking, not giving, protection.

He hears Mother say: "I wonder what's keeping Stephen. He's late." Then her chair pushes back from the table. Stephen tiptoes lightly and hurriedly up four or five steps and begins to clatter noisily down again to meet her as she comes to kiss him and straighten his tie.

In the dining room, Mother cries, in the high shrill tones of happiness, "Oh, Phil, tell him our news!"

Dad, putting down his paper, looks benevolent, as is the custom of people about to confer a favor. "Be ready to sail for Europe July first, Son?"

Mother, thrilled and youthful, waits for his exclamations, and Dad smiles broadly.

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But this news, Stephen feels, is actually theirs; he is the son by whose presence people will know that Mother and Dad are not on their honeymoon. So he says gruffly, "Tom wants me to go to camp with him."

Dad frowns; Mother says, in a voice like a child's whose blocks have tumbled, "Oh, Sonny!" Then, turning helplessly to Dad, "Oh, Phil!"

Dad says, "Your mother won't go without you, Stephen. So that's that."

Ruth tries conciliation. "I can't leave my little boy. Stephen, we're going to Italy. Just think! You'll see Pompeii and Rome. You'll know about it all too, because you've been studying Roman history."

Stephen, who has eagerly absorbed *The Last Days of Pompeii* and loves all tales of ancient Rome, is yet forced by some inner pride to say: "I'd rather go to England. I don't care a thing about Italy."

Mother looks worried and Dad commands, "Finish your breakfast. It's time you went to school."

The dining room falls into a sullen, troubled silence.

THE Harrisons sail July first. They're going south to Naples with port of call at Gibraltar — a long trip. Stephen reluctantly waves farewell to the relatives and friends on the pier, the delicate seriousness of his face contradicted by the bright-colored paper streamers tangled on his shoulders. Long after her little face becomes blurred in the crowds, he waves to his three-year-old cousin Barbara, postponing that moment when he must be alone with Mother and Dad on this strange ship. He can not forget that he is the son without whom this would be a honeymoon. He is an intruder; they ought to have let him go to camp.

ON BOARD Stephen is much alone, for there are no boys of his age, and fourteen does not condescend to nine nor is condescended to by seventeen. Do you see Stephen with his pretty mother and his tall father? Or Dad and Mother dancing together? Or Stephen dancing with his mother and stepping on her slippers? She's a dear about it and doesn't say a word, but Stephen is frightfully embarrassed. Do you want to see Mr. and Mrs. Harrison urging Stephen to come to the horse races on deck and then see him refusing because, he says, he wants to finish his book? Do you want to be told that the book is *Vanity Fair*, which he's been reading all year and can't understand or enjoy? Do you want to come to the ship's concert and hear his voice break in the middle of the community singing of *John Peel?*

And do you want to *want* desperately to climb the galleries with him at Gibraltar and can't because Dad won't leave Mother and Mother isn't strong enough? Even if the galleries are terrific they repay climbing, and Stephen did long to go up.

And above all, what of being there the morning the ship comes to Naples? Suppose you see Stephen waking up at dawn to realize that the ship's stopped. Dad's not in his berth, and Stephen has the sudden terror that something's going on without him. He looks out of the window and there at the deck rail he sees Mother and Dad. They're stand-

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ing hand in hand, looking at Naples and Vesuvius. Stephen hears Dad say, "Here we are, Ruth, at last." Then he kisses Mother, and Stephen dimly realizes that the scar of the shoddy little Atlantic City honeymoon has gone from his father's mind at last.

ALTHOUGH Stephen's pride is hurt that his mother and father are unconscious of his existence as they enter Naples, yet we can not pretend to think that this city wasn't of high excitement for him. He'll always remember the long gangway (of a hundred steps, they call it) down to the sunning dock. And the sound of Italian all around him, so mysteriously spoken, so mysteriously understood, by dark-eyed men gesticulating and shoulder-shrugging. The streets are full, it seems to him, of soldiers with waving plumes on melodramatic hats, of sandaled monks in black skirts with knotted ropes and rosaries at their side. The sun is bright and hot on the pavement and on the blue water of the Bay, and the glitter hurts his eyes.

His room adjoins Dad's and Mother's. The rooms are dark and cool when they go in; the smiling proprietor shows them how to regulate the great blinds. Mother breathes, "Naples! Oh, Phil!" then a second later says, "Stephen, look, you can see Vesuvius out of this window!"

They go to Pompeii late that afternoon. Stephen can hardly wait to see all the ruins. He really does know something about Pompeii; of the House of the Tragic Poet, for instance. But he doesn't like Dad to say, "Son, you've had Latin; you can read this!" You see, it's like being thrown the crumbs from a very full table. Dad and Mother don't need to know what *Casa Poetæ Tragicæ* means in English, or how many people used to live in Pompeii, or that Vesuvius buried it in 79; no, Pompeii means to them only that it isn't Atlantic City.

Stephen knows all this. And he is not jealous. That's not it at all. It's only that his mother and father let fall the invisible curtain of separation between them and the world too often, and he's on the other side. When you're fourteen — fourteen, and too tall, too thin, too sensitive — you can't be on the other side too often.

THAT night, they have dinner at the hotel, and Dad says afterwards, "Let's go for a drive." They drive for an hour or so through narrow streets, and then Mother says, "Aren't you sleepy, Son?"

It's been a full long day, but novelty has sustained him, and he isn't. Nevertheless, that strange pride forces him to say he is, and they go back to the hotel.

An hour later he's in bed, with Italian moonlight creeping along the wall beside him. Mother kisses him good-night, whispering, "Say your prayers tonight, Son, and thank God for bringing us safe to such a beautiful place." He averts his eyes from hers, for God, so real to fourteen years, is yet his secret.

The door between the rooms closes, and Stephen lies fighting wakefulness. The motion of the boat conflicts with the stillness of the land, alive and vivid Naples blurs with silent dead Pompeii.

I don't know how long a time goes

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by before the door between the two rooms opens. Stephen, at the first hint of its stealthy movement, lies quiet and breathes deeply. He hears his mother say: "He's asleep, Phil."

"Then come on, Ruth, let's go!"

"Oh, Phil, it seems mean!"

"I don't see it. The poor youngster's tired — it's been a hard day for him, and another tomorrow, too. And our first night in Naples we ought to go out. Nobody begins to live here until eleven. Come on."

"But is he safe?"

"Safe! As the rock of Gibraltar. We won't be gone long."

THE door closes again, and Stephen, wide-eyed, hears another door close a moment later. So they've left him! Please understand me: he isn't afraid, here in this strange room; it's just the fact they've left him that hurts — this first night in Naples.

He gets up and sits on the long window seat, behind the heavy curtains. The hangings cut him off from the room, and the window cuts him off from the street below. There in that narrow space, with his mother and father gone, he feels that he has never been so alone in his life before.

The Bay of Naples spreads before him, artificial and clear in the moonlight. He doesn't cry, poor Stephen, but if you don't cry when you're lonely you must at least pray. So he prays to his intimate secret God. He doesn't pray in words and he doesn't clasp his hands or beat his breast like a peasant woman standing before an altar in Rome. It is only a little boy prayer that some day "they'll know." Know how much they are to him, I suppose, and desperately that they'll know he is more to them than he can think he is.

He falls asleep there in the moonlight, and hours later his father, coming in, carries him to bed. Nor does Philip Harrison mention the episode in the morning. Stephen, to whom the night is like a bad dream, hardly remembers that he didn't fall asleep in bed.

AFTERWARDS, on to Sorrento with the Harrisons, by the Amalfi Drive. Lemon groves and moonlight, blue Mediterranean and moonlight. Stephen and his father swim in the warm water — at least Dad swims; Stephen can't. Dad imitates the playing dolphins and goes farther and farther out. Mother, lovely in a pale pink dress, rises suddenly and comes to the water's edge, crying: "Phil, *don't* swim so far out. It frightens me." And Dad laughs at her scornfully, but swims closer to shore, calling to Stephen, "Come on, Son, time to go in."

They spend two nights at Sorrento. One night some peasants dance the tarantella, and Stephen is frightfully excited by the whirling of arms and legs and bewildered by the mad, strange music. But later: moonlight and lemon groves and Vesuvius in the distance — and Stephen is in bed.

Rome. Here they are a week after they've landed at Naples. Mother is a new person, even Stephen sees. She says so herself. She says, her eyes wide, "I've never *lived* before." Dad says laughingly, "Here, here, none of that. I won't be cancelled." Then she puts her hand on his and laughs gently. Stephen knows that Dad could not be cancelled from Mother's life. He, poor lad, is be-

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ginning to feel oddly as if he had never lived.

Read any guide book and you'll know the "high spots" which the Harrisons saw in Rome. St. Peter's, St. Paul's outside the Walls, the Forum, the Coliseum, all merged into a gigantic kaleidoscopic Rome of past and present.

But one night Dad and Mother go out again. This time they tell Stephen they are going to some restaurants with two Italians they have met.

"Are you sure you'll be all right, Stephen?" Mother asks. "You see we could hardly take you with us; you're too young."

"That's perfectly all right, Mother," Stephen assures her steadily. "I'll just read a little and write in my diary. I'm going to bed soon."

Mother kisses him. "That's a dear boy." Dad claps him affectionately on the shoulder and says, "Tomorrow we'll go to see the Coliseum by moonlight, just you and Mother and I."

"That'll be fun," says Stephen, a trifle mechanically.

When they have gone, he turns out the light and stands at the window to watch them get in the carriage. Signor and Signora Lombardi join them at the door and there is much unimportant chatter. Stephen's room is on the second floor, so he can see plainly and can hear the tones of the voices. It is all so gay and light, and he is out of it.

Signor Lombardi cries, "*Avanti!*" the driver cracks his whip, off goes the carriage. Stephen hears Mother's breathless laugh of happiness floating back to him for an instant, then the horses' hooves destroy the sound, and in a minute the carriage disappears.

The street is a quiet, gracious one, shaded by trees. Now and then a taxicab rattles by the hotel, or an open carriage passes. Two carriages stand motionless in front of the hotel, the drivers on the pavement smoking and talking together.

Suddenly Stephen hears singing. A man walking down the street sings *Celeste Aïda* as he goes. Stephen doesn't know the air, but it excites him as he listens. The voice, full and beautiful, rises as the man passes below the hotel. He is sauntering alone, singing to the night — to the Roman moonlit night.

Stephen leans out of the window and listens eagerly as long as he can hear the diminishing tones.

Everyone's out, thinks Stephen, everyone but me.

Suddenly he gets up and puts on his hat. He counts his money: one note marked "*Cinquante*," odd coins. Altogether he has seventy-odd lire. He multiplies carefully: nearly four dollars. It'll do.

No, Stephen isn't running away, here in Rome; he knows too well the value of four dollars to think of such an escapade. He is merely going out.

He walks down the stairs, for he doesn't care to arouse the curiosity of the lift boy. The desk clerk is at his books, the concierge is telephoning, the man at the door is helping someone into a taxi. No one sees Stephen.

He walks a block — walks slowly — unconsciously adopting the casual rhythm of the night.

He raises his hand to stop a carriage, and it comes to the curb. The

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driver is young, romantic, kind, and looks with interest at this tall boy.

"Drive me to the Coliseum," Stephen says rapidly, climbing into the carriage.

"*Non capisco*," the man says. Then eagerly, "*Est-ce que le petit monsieur parle le français?*"

Stephen says hesitatingly, "*Un peu.*"

The driver grins delightedly. "*Moi aussi — je le parle un peu! Monsieur veut aller au Col-i-se-o, n'est-ce pas?*" Italians have imagination; he has half understood Stephen's English.

Stephen nods. "*Oui.*"

"*Ah, si, si. Capisco.*" Truly, *le petit monsieur* is young to be alone; young, that is, from an American point of view. Still, the Americans do odd things; he recalls the American ladies who have driven in his carriage without escort.

HE ROLLS through the streets, telling Stephen in a mixture of bad French and considerately slow Italian what they are passing.

Under his instruction Stephen throws a copper into the Fontana di Trevi, wondering, as he does, when and if he really will return to Rome. On a narrow street they pass a tiny house labeled "*Albergo*," and Stephen, looking in swiftly, sees a man eating spaghetti and wiping his mouth with a corner of the tablecloth. He sees small shrines, with lights burning in front of them, set high into walls. He sees signs headed S.P.Q.R., re-creating for him ancient Rome. *Senatus populusque Romanus*, he says to himself, proud that he knows.

The Coliseum, vast and black, darkens the sky in front of them; a moment later the carriage halts. All about there are other carriages, waiting, and as soon as they stop, men on foot crowd around. One flashes an electric torch on the ground in front of Stephen, who is confused, and a little frightened for a moment.

Just how safe Stephen would have been that night without the good little Roman driver is a matter of speculation. At all events this young man turns to him — for being a Latin he realizes quite well how dazed the tall young American is, and how hesitant — and says: "*Voulez-vous y entrer?*"

"*Oui*," says Stephen.

With a flourish the Roman steps down from his box, singles out a friend from the crowd of drivers, and speaks to him in swift Italian. The man nods; he is to take care of Gian's carriage while Gian goes with the young American into the Coliseum to see the moon rise. Gian will not trust the young American, whose voice is hardly yet changed, to any of these pirates who call themselves guides.

STEPHEN and his guardian go into the Coliseum. Stephen is dazed by the sudden realization of many people around him, by the low hum of voices. The moon hasn't yet peered over the wall, so all these people have only spirit quality, black flat figures against a blackness.

Gian lights a cigarette and conducts Stephen to a fallen pillar. They sit down side by side. Gian, his head tilted back, is content to watch for the first moon rays and to say nothing. Stephen doesn't want to talk either; he is too excited, for one thing,

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and Gian's Italian-French is too difficult for him, as well.

It is hard to say just what Stephen's feelings are — whether he is quite happy at his first gesture of independence. If not happy, he is at least momentarily away from the narrow, abysmal loneliness he feels when he's with Mother and Dad.

THE moon rises at last, large and serene; people, made clear in its glow, become actually more unreal. A long moment of silence comes to the Coliseum with the first flood of light. Red tips of cigarettes, all about, grow pale. Then a girl giggles, and the low hum of voices begins again.

Stephen stands up quickly; somehow, he feels, he must go. "*Allons*," he says, and Gian and he go back to the carriage.

Stephen says, "*Albergo Palazzo*," and is returned at once to its door. Fortunately — because he had found Gian that night; good little Gian with the honest moon-loving eyes.

Luck's with Stephen. The door man is asleep in his little booth, so doesn't see the young American empty his pockets to the Roman. The concierge is drowsing, too, and the clerk has left his desk.

STEPHEN walks upstairs to his room, turns on the light, and slowly undresses. In bed, he props himself up with pillows, and opens his diary. Then he hesitates, as he lies there, fountain pen in his hand.

There is much for him to write, much for him to say. Stephen himself doesn't, of course, quite realize what the night's experience has meant to him; all he is sure of is that he can never tell Mother and Dad. Reticence is between them now. And the realization that they aren't any longer necessary to him, any more than he is necessary to them.

Dimly aware of this, Stephen lies still for a moment. He can not cry, nor pray. All he can do is painstakingly to set down in his diary, with his awkward little boy writing, his brief memorial to the evening: "Saw the Coliseum by moonlight."

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Alien vs. Free Born

By Paul V. Collins

If any reader feels jaded, so that the weirdest tragedies of the motion picture shows and the "thrillers" of wood-pulp fiction leave his heart unresponsive and cold, let him turn to the Bureau of Immigration, Department of Labor, and read the "true stories" of human drama therein daily enacted.

One of the first records handed me by the General Immigration Commissioner, Harry E. Hull, when I asked for typical cases, involved a magazine writer of Boston. She had lived in Boston more than twenty years and was still a young widow, with an adored child of nine years. She had become engaged to the ex-husband of the very worthy daughter of one of the most prominent statesmen of his generation. Being cautious, she opened correspondence with her predecessor in her fiancé's devotion, and upon learning the cause of his divorce and of his non-support of his children since the divorce, she had broken her engagement. Possibly the confirmation of her information from his first wife, by the stories of his two divorces from later wives, made her all the more ready to withdraw.

Thereupon, being a "hundred per cent American," the man sought revenge by betraying to the Immigration Bureau that his erstwhile "beloved," the magazine writer, was really of Canadian birth and had never entered the United States legally.

The victim had lived a generation in Boston, and insisted that the Canadian "parents" were only foster parents. When she wrote an appeal to President Hoover, she said that she had voted for his election, as a native American had a right to vote.

Yet her persecutor has produced letters from her alleged mother and sister in Canada (the father is dead) asserting that she was born in Canada and had repudiated her family in the pride of being a Boston-American. The authorities are so completely baffled in seeking justice in this case that they have accorded the writer one year of grace in which to prove her claim of American nativity or achieve lawful entry as a Canadian, and apply for citizenship. There is no quota limit to Canadians, but they must pass inspection as to health and personal record as to morality, etc. If she fails to make lawful entry within the year, or to prove her American birth, she will be deported and can never after enter America, even as a visitor, under penalty of imprisonment and fine. And her ex-fiancé gloats!

Then there is the case of a Rumanian woman who came legally into

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America and established herself in dressmaking, maintaining a fashionable and prosperous enterprise in New Jersey. At last her dream of love and happiness was to come true, for finances were adequate to enable her to return to the homeland and marry the sweetheart of her youth. She brought her husband to America on their honeymoon trip — ideally happy until our port officers found in the man seeds of tuberculosis, and barred his entry. The bride was separated from her husband, who was sent back at the expense of the steamship company which had brought them over. A year of consultation with Europe's eminent physicians resulted in their pronouncement that he had no symptoms of tuberculosis, and it was so certified by specialists. But again at our port of entry the verdict was given that he was indeed tuberculous, and again he was forbidden entry, in spite of the sobs of his wife. Appeal to the authorities at the head of the Bureau of Immigration touched the hearts of the "hardboiled" officials, and the husband is admitted on a year's probation. If then there are no developments of tuberculosis, his permit will be extended and, after five years, he may be made an American.

SUCH instances as these — and such are the daily tragedies — recall to native Americans the colloquy of the Roman captain and Paul: "And the chief captain answered, With a great sum obtained I this freedom. And Paul said, But I was free born."

There are "free born" Americans who little comprehend what sums others would give for their inheritance, nor do they appreciate the passionate struggles by aliens to achieve the right so lightly held by non-voting Americans.

Here is a little letter which contains the germ of a story:

San Diego, California, August 11, 1930.
My dear Mr. Hull:

We just found out for sure that my grandma was let free, and now I want to thank you for making us so happy. My mamma wanted to send you a present, but the lawyer told her you would send it back.

Mamma says, May God bless you because you handled Grandma's case justly, and now she is living with Grandpa and is so happy. I want to thank you again.

I am yours truly and happy,
HARRY MELLINGER.

Pardon my writing, I am only 9.

WHAT is the story of Grandma? She was born in Syria, and at the age of fourteen she migrated to America, under the laws of our country as then existing. She married an American and for many years lived happily with her husband, faithful and true. The mother of Harry was her daughter. Four years ago, Grandma eloped with a bootlegger and they fled to Mexico. Harry does not comprehend much about that. Her explanation of her four years' exile with the bootlegger is that he threatened to kill her if she ever attempted to leave him.

At last he was jailed on some criminal charge, and that gave her an opportunity to flee from Mexico and return to her husband in the United States. In order to get safely across the Rio Grande she had to pay two other bootleggers $100 to smuggle her over the boundary, at a point distant from our ports of entry and their guards. They left her in a wild

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canyon on the United States side, and there the officials found and jailed her, as a Syrian alien guilty of entering America at an illegal point of the boundary. Investigation showed moral turpitude also against her. She must be sent back to Syria. Her plight came to the attention of the higher officials in Washington, and Commissioner Hull has decided to parole her for one year, permitting her lenient husband to receive her again and her innocent grandson to be "so happy" over the return of Grandma to the fireside of Grandpa.

A FORMER Cabinet official of Jugoslavia — a man who had held an office parallel to that of our Secretary of the Interior — was refused admission and held at Ellis Island, charged by the Legation of his own country with holding a bogus *visa* and forged passport; for there was political strife in Europe and its echoes reached even the Capital of the United States. But, on the other hand, a seven-foot Italian prize-fighter walked into the Immigration Bureau, while I was present, and easily got a renewal of his six-months' visitor's permit.

The alleged daughter of the late Czar of Russia also received an extension as a visitor, after much mystery of her hiding, causing the Bureau to broadcast a warning that unless she reappeared and formally applied for leave to stay over, she would be deported — a sort of ghost deportation, obviously, if she failed to come forth. So she came.

Sometimes the Immigration Bureau becomes unpopular with foreign nations, when malicious deportees open their batteries of revenge upon it, from safe retreats in foreign lands. There is the case of a "famous novelist" and journalist, who filled the newspapers of England, Canada, Australia and the United States with a human interest story of the alleged outrage of our deportation officers, who had roughly manhandled a British "actor of note," who had overstayed his time a few days in the United States.

THE story was that this famous actor (whose name was plainly printed in the newspapers) had been born in Shanghai, of British parents, had lived some two years in New Zealand, travelled in all parts of the world, and was then in transit through the United States to dear Old England, when this outrage befell him in California. He was suddenly pounced upon by three heavily armed, viciously abusive American officers, who entered his elegant apartment, arrested him and handcuffed him to a gang of Chinamen, and carried him with the Asiatics aboard ship bound for his birthplace — Shanghai. Bravely, the victim suddenly knocked down one of the American officers just as the gangplank rose. It is so hard to overreach a brave man, a real Britisher! Even the American opposition press denounced such an outrage.

Since then — last winter — it has transpired that the "famous actor" was the identical individual, the journalist and "fictionist," who wrote the wail, and it is also shown that he had not been abused, though he had entered the United States under a false name on a falsified *visa*, had left a trail of hotel bills unpaid in several cities in Oregon and Cali-

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fornia, and that of his two years' stay in New Zealand more than eighteen months had been spent in jails for frauds, and that, not daring to apply under his American *alias* for admission into Canada, he had used still another *alias*, but had been refused.

THE impression has been given the public that only the United States is restricting immigration, and that this country is especially brutal in its policy of deportation and restriction. In place of admitting more than a million a year, as we did before the World War, or even 800,000, as we did as late as 1921, we have installed a strict quota system by the law of 1924, and now we admit only 153,714 quota immigrants. But we also admit minor children and aged parents of the quota immigrants, and unlimited numbers from the non-quota Western Hemisphere — an actual total of 280,000. Of this total, some 88,000 come from Canada and Mexico and other parts of this hemisphere. Tradesmen and tourists make up part of the rest of the 280,000; they are received on six-months' permits.

There is a growing sentiment, approved by the officials of the Department of Labor, calling for a radical modification of the quota law, by which a numerical quota, retained as the maximum from the respective nations, will give place to a selective, discretionary power vested in the Commissioner-General of Immigration, or some board, whereby only such immigrants will be admitted from time to time as are needed here. When there are great numbers of coal miners, or carpenters or masons or machinists idle in this country, no more miners, etc., would be admitted to add to industrial distress. According to Commissioner Hull, the United States is the only country in the world which does not regulate its immigration according to its own needs, rather than the wishes of the alien. Nor do other countries require that special legislation be enacted to meet the varying conditions of labor; that power of adjustment is delegated to the executive department. The Hon. Wesley A. Gordon, Commissioner of Immigration in Canada, recently announced that "only experienced farmers of suitable type, who are in possession of adequate means immediately to establish themselves on farms, and the wives and children of persons already established in Canada, will now be permitted to enter the Dominion."

If that discretion were in existence in the United States today, while agriculture is suffering "overproduction," possibly we would go Canada one better and bar out farmers, too.

Our officials would welcome a cut of the quota limits to 50,000 a year, in place of 153,714. With 2,500,000 Americans already here out of employment, they argue, why admit additional wage-competitors?

THE Hoover Administration has found means of strengthening restriction of immigration without new laws, simply by more literal interpretation of present laws regarding *visas*. This policy has reduced Mexican immigration from an average for five years — 1924–1929 — of 56,600 a year, down to 3,140 in the first half of 1930. Similarly, Cana-

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dian immigration is reduced. Our consuls throughout the world are instructed to refuse *visas* to all applicants who claim to have jobs already promised them here — for that violates our contract-labor ban — and also to refuse *visas* to all who confess that they have no such guaranteed employment awaiting them, for in present conditions of unemployment, that shows that they may become public charges.

To obtain a *visa*, one must show sufficient capital to establish his own enterprise. Yet, according to commercial experts, ninety-three per cent of even American enterprises go into bankruptcy, sooner or later.

THE most acute problem of administration lies in the deportation of aliens convicted in the courts of being deportable. Even in that undertaking, the United States is no more exacting than our neighbors, Canada and Mexico. Down to 1928, the maximum number of deported aliens never exceeded 12,000 a year, but in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1930, there were 16,763 deported, of whom 7,000 had illegally entered, 1,712 had been convicted of felonies, 700 were prostitutes and 44 were narcotic peddlers; 2,000 had come in under visitors' permits and overstayed their six months. At that rate of 16,763 a year, it would take seven years to deport even the aliens now incarcerated, not counting the millions outside the jails and almshouses with their proportion of criminals and public dependents.

Every month, the whole United States is scoured by special deportation trains, with all cars barred and guarded, under the authority of the Deportation Bureau. The itineraries of the trains are announced ahead, so that the jails holding convicted deportees and the bondsmen will be ready. It may readily be realized that these trains carry many a tragedy of which the world knows nothing. Once at mess in a train of some 300 deportees, after all the hungry prisoners had been fed and the cutlery checked, there was a case-knife missing. Everybody was inspected and many searched. A knife is a weapon and might be dangerous in the hands of a desperate deportee. The missing weapon was discovered in possession of a woman — a gentlewoman of Swedish blood.

SHE was the wife of an industrious carpenter who had brought his bride into this country from Canada, in 1927, under the Swedish quota. They had lived three years in Minneapolis, where he had worked hard and prospered, in the city which boasts that it contains more Scandinavians than any other city in the world. Before he had had time to acquire naturalization, the wife had developed incipient tuberculosis, so she had to be deported. The husband was not under sentence of deportation, but she was his beloved wife to whom he was true, "in sickness and in health." He was a passenger on the same train, back in the public coaches, paying his fare to be near her. They must go back to Sweden — not Canada whence they had come. Why had she stolen the knife? She had looked at those leering, treacherous fellow-deportees huddled with her in the barred car, and when her husband had talked with her through

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the car window, at a station, she had told him of her terror. Night was coming on. It was he who had suggested that she arm herself with a knife, at dinner; it might prove a needed weapon of defense. He could not protect her, for the doors were locked and all windows barred. Of course there were guards; there was a stewardess, but she would be asleep through the night. In the blackness of night with the rumbling of the train, when the throttling grip should close upon the wife's throat so that she could not cry out — then the knife might save her. It was forcibly taken from her, but her terror remained.

NO DEPORTEE can be sent back to his own country without a passport from its Government; he can not be dumped upon another country without its assent, and to obtain that it is necessary to prove the deportee's citizenship in that country. That is the part of our Department of State, and it is not always a simple undertaking. The alien usually dreads going back to his fatherland. He may have evaded military duty and knows that he will be impressed into the army or navy. He refuses to give assistance, therefore, in identifying his neighborhood, and he often deceives as to his country. Foreign nations are not eager to receive back their own diseased, indigent or criminal citizens, and so they evade giving passports for such, although they may welcome reënforcements to their military defense. The burden of proof as to the nationality of the deportees is on the United States. Some Governments have even exiled their own nationals, but in doing so they violate all international law, as recognized for a thousand years. No power can force a nation to admit an alien it does not want.

AT THE first Conference for the Codification of International Law which met on March 13 and adjourned by limitation on April 13, 1930, the United States was represented by Richard W. Flournoy, Jr., Councilor of the Department of State, and he served as a member of the Committee on Nationality. In his report on the Conference, published in the July number of *The American Journal of International Law*, Mr. Flournoy says:

> Early in the discussion at the recent Hague Conference, it was realized that there was little international law on the subject of nationality which could be codified, if "codification" is to be limited to the reduction in writing of rules already generally agreed upon by the States. The idea of such a declaration of existing law was therefore early discarded at the Conference, and all efforts were directed toward the formulation of a convention to embody rules governing conflicts of nationality laws, regardless of whether such rules declared old law or made new law.

Such a convention was formulated and accepted by a majority of the delegates, but the United States was not signatory to it.

The convention recognizes that each State must control, through its own municipal laws, the qualifications necessary to citizenship of that State. It recognizes dual or even multiple citizenship, for some States base nationality upon blood descent of the father — *jus sanguinis* — and others upon birth upon the soil — *jus soli*. The United States, with minor exceptions such as the children of diplomats officially residing here,

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makes all children born in the United States full citizens, even though the country to which their parents belong claims the children to the second or third generation, and demands military service of the males, though native Americans, if ever they visit the fatherland of their parents, though the parents may have been naturalized Americans for years before the children were born.

ONE reason why the United States declined to subscribe to the convention as adopted by the majority, is that this country holds to the doctrine that when an alien becomes naturalized as an American citizen, he loses all citizenship obligations to any other country. He can not serve two countries. This is denied by several European countries, which refuse to cancel claims of military service.

By a protocol, it is provided that a nation must take back its own natives who are deported from a foreign country as undesirable immigrants, and that when an alien is naturalized he loses all obligations to his former allegiance, except as to crimes he may have committed therein, and he is exempt from military service to his native country. This protocol, however, is not yet ratified. Mr. Flournoy, in summing up his report says:

The writer believes that the Protocol relating to Military Obligations in certain cases of Double Nationality, taken by itself, fully justifies the labor and expense incurred by the Conference on the subject of Nationality.

ANOTHER bone of contention is the differentiation as to citizenship of American women married to foreigners. At present, children of American fathers, born abroad, are Americans by virtue of *jus sanguinis*, while those born of American mothers married to foreign fathers, when born abroad, are not Americans, but belong to the country in which they were born — *jus soli* — or to the country of their fathers — *jus sanguinis* — according to foreign laws. Sometimes a child acquires triple citizenship, if born of a foreign father, an American mother, in a third country, not that of either parent. In case of multiple citizenship, we can not give diplomatic protection to our national against another country of which he is also a citizen, but can do so against a third country, just as if there were no division of his citizenship ties.

These conflicts of national standards demonstrate the chaotic state of the whole matter, and, according to our delegate, the representatives of those other nations were too unwilling or unauthorized to make concessions necessary to an agreement on a recognized international law.

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The Earth Is Flat

By Donald F. Rose

Some time last spring the curious mechanics of the universe resulted in an eclipse of the sun, which was more or less visible throughout the Northern United States and achieved a two-second totality in a slim segment of the West. It was a successful eclipse, as such things go. The newspapers approved of it without partisan prejudice, the astronomers rushed after it in airplanes and took its picture with the zeal of press photographers snapping at a blonde murderess, and the rattle-brained public stared briefly at it through smoked glasses and wondered what Einstein would be doing next.

By and large, it looked very much as was expected, a weakness which eclipses share with Zeppelins, Justices of the Supreme Court and men who are shot from cannons at the circus. A determined pessimist might have stayed indoors and missed it, and been very little the worse for it. Except, of course, that he would have aroused the suspicion of his neighbors and probably been accused of Communism, Atheism and not more than forty-six per cent of true Americanism. The mob majority which follows after headlines as though the Pied Piper were playing them resents the point of view which looks away from the day's parade.

It was, so they say, a successful eclipse, of the sort that should be expected under a Republican administration. It had a corona and an umbra and a penumbra and all other needful accessories. It confirmed and disproved with cosmic impartiality the theories of Einstein and his disciples, so that nearly everybody was satisfied. It was proved to have had pronounced effects on weather and radio reception, though nobody could say exactly what they were. It was, in fact, the same sort of eclipse that amused the ancient Assyrians, the priests of Egypt and the mediæval astrologers, and is still suitable for an hour or so of good clean fun.

But its most interesting circumstance was an afterthought. When the eclipse had come and gone nearly on schedule and with no serious consequences, a statement was issued from the Zionist colony in Illinois through the mouth of its appointed leader and current prophet. The statement admitted that there had been an eclipse. Something had crossed the face of the sun; something that was apparently spherical or disc-shaped and sufficiently large

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and thick to make darkness where there had been light. The Zionist opinion conceded that this was interesting and even mysterious. But in the final sentence it was added, quite simply and solemnly, that the interfering object could not possibly be the moon, "because the earth is flat."

THIS is no place to argue concerning the actual mechanics of an eclipse, which are thoroughly obscure to anyone who will be honest about it. It is not enough for me, for instance, to tell me that the moon can not find its way around without getting regularly in the line of fire between the sun and earth. There is no wisdom for me in scientific gossip of orbit and ecliptic, apogee and perigee, inclination of the axis and conjunction of the various planetary bodies. It has been explained, I admit, in one of those laboratories where schoolboys play with scales and vacuum pumps and mess with acids and alkalis under the fantastic assumption that they are studying physics and chemistry. But the explanation was done with something that looked like a second-hand birdcage or bustle, on which the sun and moon and planets were beads of various colors and the nearest fixed star was supposed to be somewhere beyond the gasworks at the other end of town. None of us believed it at the time and all subsequent experience with eclipses and smoked glass has failed to confirm it.

The gentleman from Zion City may be right, for all I know, in doubting and discrediting the usual arguments advanced to account for eclipses. But I accuse him, nevertheless, of an error in logic, a discrepancy in his syllogism, and a perversion of pure reason which is so typical that it must be dangerous.

It may very well turn out an illusion, of course, that human reason is really reasonable or competent to satisfy any conditions save those of human conceit and self-satisfaction. Our best thinking may be not much better than that of the monkey or the deep-sea sponge, though — like the monkey and the sponge — we think uncommonly well of our own cogitations. It may turn out some day that Joe Cook and the four Marx brothers are inspired by sounder logic than our philosophers, and that there is absolutely no reason why two and two should not make five. But in the mean time they don't, and we should probably play fair with our reasoning abilities in default of better. Which is exactly what the gentleman from Zion City does not do, an error in which he has millions to keep him company.

HE SAYS that the eclipse can not be caused by the moon, "because the earth is flat." There is no disputing the statement, which is one thing that makes it so irritating. It is indisputable because it is not argumentative but authoritative. The earth, it seems, is flat and therefore there are no such things as solar eclipses, though cosmic phenomena sometimes occur which look like solar eclipses. The earth is flat and therefore the moon is not responsible for blotting out the sun and sending the chickens untimely to their roost. The earth is flat, so science must find better explanations for eclipses or shut up.

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The particular error of the gentleman from Zion City is not that he believes the earth to be flat. Sometimes, indeed, it seems very much so, and also stale and unprofitable, particularly at the end of a summer vacation or on the morning after a progressive bridge party in mixed company. Moreover, the earnest and honest Zionist may think what he pleases, for the sake of whatever comfort he gets out of it, just as others go bravely toward their destiny because they believe firmly in taking three glasses of hot water before breakfast as a cure for all physical and mental disorders. That is their own business, such as it is. So is the Zionist's conception of cosmology his own business. But he becomes dangerous to himself and to others when he preaches in public that nothing is possible, right or reasonable that does not suit and fit his solitary article of preposterous faith. He becomes like the Wise Men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl — or was it a sieve? He is worse, indeed, because he wants to take passengers with him.

But let us go softly and not too far with our polite amusement and sceptic scorn for those who believe that the earth is flat and that therefore there shall be no eclipses. For they represent not a personal peculiarity but a state of mind, and states of mind are as epidemic as sneezes in November. Four out of five have them, and the family resemblance of the human race in its mental habits is much more remarkable than its agreement in physical attributes. A very pronounced majority of presumably intelligent people believes that the earth is flat, or believes something essentially like it and equally indefensible by proof or ordinary argument. Nearly everybody, in other words, believes and maintains something in the nature of creed, code, prejudice, dogma or doctrine that is accepted as of axiomatic authority and which rules all other thought and colors all other conviction. Nearly as many will reason well enough from their personal premise, but cheerfully ignore the fact that there is nothing reasonable whatever in the outset of their argument. They will seem to talk intelligently and with a semblance of logic, provided nobody questions their assumption that the earth is flat.

When two or three of these of similar species get together, or when a colony of them live as brethren or work within the walls of a single institution, they are likely to create a deceitful illusion of spiritual harmony. They may differ in detail, but they stand pat for their fundamental faith that the earth is flat. It is unnecessary to point out how many religiosities since the dawn of time have made some such certainty their rock of ages. Their name is legion and they have differed in everything save this — that somewhere at the heart of them was a hard core of absolute conviction in some axiomatic absurdity. The most reverend and pretentious councils of the Christian church have written such things into ecumenical articles of faith and afterwards encouraged the Church Fathers and Apologists to spin around them whole labyrinths of logic. The logic was sound,

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or nearly so; but its hub and axis was the assumption that the earth is flat. The Nicene Creed and what came of it will do for example.

It is fashionable to be faintly amused at religion, and particularly so with those who know nearly nothing about religion. But it will not do to credit only to religion the habit of reasoning rashly and not too well from a silly certainty which nobody can explain, demonstrate or defend. Exactly the same habit has invaded all the presumably intelligent conversation of a presumably enlightened age. It is not unusual that men and women should talk easily and reasonably — the trick is taught, indeed, in finishing schools and correspondence courses and is cultivated by perpetual practice in polite society. But it is astonishing to discover how much conversation and conviction, opinion and argument, lead back in close analysis to the proposition that the earth is flat, or to something essentially like it.

LET it be supposed, for example, that a group of intelligent Americans is discussing Russia; it is by all means likely that everything that is said and thought on the topic will have its beginnings in the blind certainty that Russia is an invention of the devil, deliberately and diabolically dangerous to the supreme civilization of all time. In the shadow of this mutually acceptable thesis, men and women will talk keenly and critically of Russian experiments in education, of Russian morals or the lack of them, of trade and recognition and raw materials and world peace. It is good talk, sensible and well informed, but it is the talk of people who believe that the earth is flat.

Such perverse and unquestioned prejudices lie somewhere beneath the surface of nearly all topical talk and thinking, from the sublime discussions of art and science to the ridiculous chatter of the bridge table and the morning train. They are the foundations of political controversy, for without the astounding confidence of Republicans in Republicanism and the preposterous faith of Democrats in Democracy there would be no fervor nor flavor to an ordinary political argument. They are basic to discussions of business prospects and programmes, for even the most expert of economists have their pet axioms and the ordinary man would have nothing to say on such matters unless he believed in prosperity or efficiency or high tariffs or low money rates or something else which he has never been compelled to analyze and understand. Our faith that the earth is flat is what gives persistency and obstinacy, in fact, to what is called the American industrial philosophy. Most of it is wrong, much of it is cruel or criminal, but faith makes it able to do miracles and move mountains.

THERE is an incredible number of such articles of faith, foundations of a thousand follies and fallacies. Advertising has discovered them and exploited them, dunning into our willing ears such slogans as will sell more goods or cultivate new habits or arouse a logical desire for useless possessions. The slogans are not true, but if they are accepted they will serve for truth, and mighty pyra-

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mids of irresistible argument may be built on them. Let it be assumed, for example, that a clean tooth never decays, or that a hat is an essential of civilized attire, or that the radio is a musical instrument, or that geraniums are a sign of suburban respectability, none of which are true, and immediately a great industry is born and guaranteed of its dividends. Let it be accepted that to wear cotton is a sign of honest poverty, and one industry is ruined and another rides high. Suppose that to buy a book a week is a sign of culture, and publishers grow fat and authors lazy. Pretend that shredded whisk brooms or chopped hay are good for the civilized digestion, and a whole nation will take its stomach too seriously at breakfast time.

THIS nation, at least, got early into the habit of believing that the earth is flat and reasoning from such a premise to fantastic lengths and impossible conclusions. "We hold," said a certain solemn document, "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." What outrages are committed, what abuses are permitted, what mockeries of good government and intelligent citizenship are possible, probable and logical, because it has been said in such resounding words that the earth is flat! It was never the truth of those first phrases of Americanism that made and preserved us a nation; it was our perennial faith in them as an irrefutable axiom, no matter what they meant or whether they meant anything at all. The earth is flat, and therefore there shall be no more eclipses.

Just as in the days of superstition and savage ignorance which we are accustomed to regard with such pleasant contempt, each generation of today has its prophets who speak with authority and scorn the scribes. They also maintain that the earth is flat. When Henry Ford speaks or Thomas Edison answers questions, do they reason together with their neighbors and fellow citizens, admitting the grievous uncertainties of human knowledge, the persistent problems of our civilization, and their spiritual blindness and humble doubts? They do not. They say that America is divinely destined for perpetual prosperity, that Prohibition is a success, that science will save the world from its sins, that international peace is safe in the hands of the plain people, that morality thrives mightily on electric light and motor cars. They write new axioms for old, and tongues take hold on them and wag around them and the desperate human effort to be reasonable is off again on the wrong foot. The oracles have spoken; only the boldest of men would doubt the truth and profundity of their utterances, but anyone may spin a neat web of interpretations and prove nearly anything he pleases by them.

SOMEWHERE in the sanctuaries of science are supposed to dwell those who have no prejudices that the earth is flat, nor that anything else is this way or that until it is proved. Yet nowhere in the current world are unproved prejudices more autocratic than in the realms of scientific research. It would be nearly

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impossible to name a man of scientific importance who is intent on anything but his thesis. He may admit that he is looking for a needle in a haystack, but he knows exactly what needle he is looking for and he is unlikely to find any other. If he is an evolutionist, one of the forty-seven varieties which bear the name, he rediscovers his convictions in every scrap of ancient bone. If he is a behaviorist, he finds room for all knowledge in his philosophy. If he is an astronomer who considers the earth and all its creatures a cosmic accident, he will make an accident of a galactic universe as wide and deep as all outdoors. If he is that most dangerous of pseudo-scientists, the man who thinks that the handful of gray stuff which he calls his brain is competent to unravel the universe, he will ultimately be ready to make a new one on a better model.

Nearly always the prejudice is triumphant at last over the evidence and the semblance of humility and sweet reasonableness which the world expects of its thinkers. Nearly always the scientist, if entirely honest or terrified into something like honesty by the outcome of his own philosophy or the fear of death, must say at last that the earth is flat and *therefore* there are no eclipses.

And if there be a moral to this tale, it is that the human race is helpless without prejudices and is no more delivered from them today than in its darkest hours of ignorance. A man, a nation or a race must have faith in something, before they can put on even the appearance of reasonable behavior. They must believe in some sort of certainty, or they can not think to any effect. Possibly it does not matter what that certainty may be; it may serve just as well for human happiness to believe that the earth is flat as to be assured that it is a globular affair somewhat flattened at the poles and bulging slightly around the waist.

But the still small voice of common sense says otherwise. The quality of faith must surely be important, or nothing is important. And in these days of prejudices beyond reckoning, of thinking that gets nowhere and logic that ends in absurdity, of knowledge that mounts to the stars and falls on its nose and philosophy that works only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, it is nearly time to consider whether a more ancient fashion of faith was not more satisfactory and useful. It was, admittedly, a faith in abstractions, in things spiritual and hence undemonstrable. But, by and large, it worked. It worked for human happiness and confidence and courage and self-discipline. It was faith in a Divine purpose in creation and a spiritual destiny for man. Possibly it could not be intelligently argued or certainly proved, but not even today does the world demand proof of its essential axioms. It demands that they give comfort and confidence and some excuse for the human habit of thinking things out and living accordingly. Religion has done these things for humanity for ages beyond reckoning and everywhere in the world. It may yet do so again when we are tired of believing that the earth is flat and that therefore there shall be no more eclipses.

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The Literary Landscape

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

The Landscaper is long past asking the pardon of his readers for bringing other matters than books into this department. Full many a time and oft the unliterary landscape itself — both domestic and foreign — has found a place, and as many more times there have been comments on life as it is lived in these United States. At this moment, some matters of this kind are pending; there is, for example, the Indian Summer day upon which this piece is being written, only one of an incredibly long succession of such days, when New York has put on its finest air, and one has caught sight of long strips of blue between skyscrapers, and dirigibles soaring aloft under kindly skies.

As for the country, what else is there to be said for a New England autumn that has not been said? Where else on earth is the variety of color to be found? All day today there have been butterflies about, some of them dancing a late *pas à deux*, as if spring and not winter, were around the corner, white butterflies and brown ones, and one small species of bird that sits not far from the Landscaper's typewriter and sings over and over again a simple and plaintive melody, the sole reminder of last spring when the air was filled with the songs of birds every day, and this lover of nature almost forgot his early passion for mocking birds in listening to the thrushes.

The sun comes up with the heartening warmth of summer in its rays, but it is sliding down the western heavens almost before one can turn around; there is the constant surprise of lengthening shadow when the day seems no more than started. But anything so nearly perfect as these days should not be too prolonged, and to compensate for the eternal sadness of an autumn afternoon, there is the picture of the trees across a small lake changing color with the hours, and at last being caught in all the glory of reds and yellows in the still water.

But Not All Is Peace

All this peace and beauty, and, as usual, the newspapers filled with the incredible stories of gangster murders, judicial corruption, Governors planning to throw open the armories so that the unemployed may have somewhere to sleep in the winter ahead, and a President urging

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that our living standards must not be lowered! The richest country on earth filled with unhappy and anxious people, thousands of them willing and eager to work and unable to find any employment. Wheat, cotton and tobacco selling far below the cost of production, and many a farmer wondering where the food is to come from to carry him through the next few months until another growing season. Social problems of the first importance and as little as possible being done about them, more often than not for political reasons. . . . There is no dearth of things to write about, and as usual one may take his choice of being consoled at the beauty that is in the world or being heartbroken at the misery and cruelty.

Plenty of Good Books

THERE are a number of books that bear more or less directly on these subjects, but before we look over some of the more important ones, it is a pleasure to be able to say again that those who find their consolation for the pain of living in the written word, the present season's offerings are abundant and of high quality. Indeed, it has been two or three years at least since there was so much good written matter about, and, *mirabile dictu*, not all of it is published in dollar editions! There are good novels, interesting biographies, excellent travel books, and other categories are well taken care of, so that if you are lying awake nights wondering what to do about a lean Christmas, the bookstore offers the easiest way out.

The two most remarkable books about gangsters the Landscaper has read lately are *Al Capone: The Biography of a Self-Made Man*, by Fred D. Pasley (Washburn, $2.50), and *Chicago Surrenders*, by Edward Dean Sullivan, a Vanguard publication. Mr. Sullivan is the author of *Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime*. His new book discusses such matters as the killing of Jake Lingle, who also gets a good chapter in the biography of Scarface Al; the Fox Lake Massacre, the bankruptcy of Chicago, and some of the weird actions of Big Bill Thompson. Mr. Sullivan thinks, as his title might indicate, that Chicago has run up the white flag in the gang wars, and given in to the control of the lawless element. He thinks several other large cities are on the verge of making similar surrenders.

He also believes, along with a good many other people, that Prohibition is responsible for the astounding situation in this country at the present moment. He, unlike a good many other people who discuss this particular question, has some reasons to advance for his condemnation of Prohibition. It is obviously true that the coming of Prohibition did offer to the underworld the chance to go into a business yielding huge profits, and, although illegal, having the support of the "best people," a wholly anomalous situation from which some remarkable results might have been expected. That we have had the results, the perusal of Mr. Sullivan's book will leave no doubt.

More About Gangsters

A FEW hours ago the Landscaper read with much interest of the shooting of one of our most noted racketeers, Legs Diamond, and there

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was the inevitable suggestion that Al Capone had had something to do with it. Mr. Capone is one of our best known citizens at the present time; no one gets much more newspaper space, and no one seems to be able to continue a career about which so much is known with so little interference. Of course by the time this is written, Mr. Capone may have been laid to rest in a solid silver coffin, all neatly filled with sub-machine gun bullets, but he has managed to hold on for some time, long enough at any rate to furnish the material for a thoroughly readable biography, which is hereby recommended. The chapter on Jake Lingle is splendid; it gives some hint of the close association between the police and the underworld, and it is in this association, of course, that the main reason lies for a continuance of our reigns of crime. Washburn published some months ago Danny Ahearn's *How to Commit a Murder*. Mr. Ahearn's handbook and this biography of Al Capone are documents of prime social importance. It happens that they both have an intense picaresque interest as well.

Dr. Sigmund Freud's *Civilization and its Discontents* (Cape and Smith) is a thoroughly interesting short book, in which the gentleman who gave the world the priceless boon of psychoanalysis — priceless in that it furnished an endless number of people with the opportunity to talk about themselves and an endless number of psychiatrists — most of them quacks — with the opportunity of buying Rolls-Royces and country homes — tries to fathom the reason for what he considers the present feeling of malaise that he thinks is characteristic of the human race. He makes one profound observation that needs to be noted when he says that those of us who indulge in wishful thinking about other times and other lands forget that we do not know how happy the people who lived in the other lands and other times really were. Now he thinks we have a deep-seated anxiety because science has put into our hands weapons by which we may destroy the race. One wonders. . . . It seems more likely that the most widespread anxiety of the present time is economic; how are people to keep from worrying about their futures when the failure of the coconut crop in Siam — if coconuts are raised in Siam — can completely wreck the life of a clerk in New York who would not know how to find Siam on the map, and who probably does not care for coconuts?

It's a Large Dilemma

THIS problem of the closely-knit structure of the business world of today is considered at length in *The World's Economic Dilemma* by Ernest Minor Patterson, which is one of the first publications of Whittlesey House, a branch of McGraw-Hill, well known for their technical books and magazines. The price is $3.50. Dr. Patterson finds the difficulty to be that the world is actually unified economically at the present time, while it remains politically divided. On the whole the picture he paints has very little rose-color in it, but it ends on a note of hope; there are signs on the horizon, he says, that the intelligence of leaders in most countries is being applied to the question, with some prospect of a solution.

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Considering the size of the problem and its far-reaching effects on human life, the Landscaper may be pardoned for expressing a pessimistic opinion — what is being done is pathetically little in the face of what must be done if we are to avoid world-wide periods of depression such as we have had this year.

Directly or indirectly all these matters bear upon the most important question of human happiness. Bertrand Russell, taking another dive into the waters of popular philosophy, has a recipe in *The Conquest of Happiness* (Liveright) that may help some people; Mr. Russell suggests that we think outside ourselves, that we forget our troubles in the light of the progress of the human race generally.

How to Forget Trouble

For example, if a Southerner like the Landscaper has a pain or suffers from a distressing inability to pay his bills, he should think in large terms, forgetting his personal troubles in considering the future of the universe. He might turn his eyes southward in hope. If so, the first thing he would see would be a Fascist movement in Georgia, with the poor whites being exploited again as they were with the Ku Klux, and the poorer Negroes threatened with having to leave the State so that all jobs may go to white people. This would immediately make the Landscaper feel better. This is probably all very irreverent, but when Mr. Russell sets out to discover to the world the secrets of human happiness, he seems to your humble observer to be wasting his time. He has very little to offer in the way of wisdom, no matter how expert he may be in mathematical metaphysics.

The Enlargement of Personality by J. H. Denison (Scribners, $3.00) is a psychologist's idea of how people may be happier. It explains at length just how we may make ourselves over and get what we want. It is a good deal more scientific than most such schemes, more, certainly, than patent medicines, or Coué formulæ, but how much sounder it is, the Landscaper is unwilling to say. Except to add in passing that a scheme which helps people to get what they want may or may not contribute to the sum total of human happiness, since very few people know what they want and even fewer would be happy if they had it.

What pessimistic comment! And at this moment the sun has just dropped behind the tree tops, bringing out all the brilliance of the yellow maples across the lake. The Landscaper should really be less disrespectful to all those people who are trying to help the world, but they are for the most part singularly unimpressive. There are books of ancient wisdom that contain so much more in quantity and quality than the current output.

For the Tough-Minded

Before we leave this discussion for something more pleasant, there is a book available that many people might read with profit just now, which is entitled *Some Folks Won't Work*, by Clinch Calkins (Harcourt, Brace, $1.50). It is the result of a study of unemployment on the lives of individuals, and the title is taken from the expression so often heard from the lips of those who happen to have

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jobs. Miss Calkins stresses the part that chance plays in unemployment; she is not at all convinced that all the people out of work and unable to obtain any are lazy, unambitious and incompetent. She estimates that there are habitually one million people in the United States without work. In periods of stress this figure is multiplied many times. The mental effects of unemployment are serious; the result is often the complete breakdown of a personality. This is even in boom times one of the most serious of our social problems, and one we have done very little about up to the present time. Miss Calkins's book is extremely disquieting. It is hereby recommended to flag wavers.

A cultural history of America that the Landscaper has found most engaging reading is *The New American Literature*, by Fred Lewis Pattee (Century, $3.50), which is a continuation of Dr. Pattee's earlier volume, *A History of American Literature Since 1870*. The new work covers the forty-year period beginning with 1890, and comes down to the present time. Dr. Pattee includes everything, and wisely; the story of a nation's literature is not told from a cultural point of view merely by discussing masterpieces. He steers a reasonably straight course through the difficult contemporary waters, and is fair enough to the newer movements, some of which remain very difficult to evaluate. The book comes as far down as the recent controversy over the New Humanism, a subject treated with unbecoming levity in this department. James Branch Cabell is quoted in this connection, and so good is the quote — so much also in line with one of the fixed beliefs of the Landscaper — that it is requoted here (Mr. Cabell is speaking of the future of American fiction):

> Really that lack of a panacea is quite fatal to all literary pretensions. Man, breathing so precariously in the close shadow of death, and noting always the approach of the unknowable, needs vitally some strong belief in one or another cure-all, very much as a child fretting in the night needs paregoric. And almost any panacea will do — even our new humanism will do, we fondly think, in a pinch — so long as the more happily obtuse of men can be hoodwinked into believing that tomorrow this talked-about panacea will begin to work and everything will be put in apple-pie order everywhere. For it is the belief which matters: it is the belief which drugs. But these writers of the 'Twenties have offered us nothing in especial to believe in — and that, too, when almost any sort of polite lie would have served our despairing need.

One Encouraging Sign

One supposes that such books as Dr. Pattee's are now used as texts, and here at least is something to rejoice about. The Landscaper does not expect to live long enough to recover from the weariness caused him by the study of a history of American literature from the pens of Messrs. Wendell and Greenough, one half of which was devoted to Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, and other wholly unimportant New England figures. There was scant mention of Mark Twain, and no more than a passing reference to Sidney Lanier. Perhaps Melville was mentioned in passing, probably not. Emily Dickinson certainly had no more than a line. What incredible stupidity there was in books of this variety, what conscientious effort to make the student dislike American or any other kind of literature! The Landscaper does not wonder at times why Americans read only six

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books a year, but why they read at all, with such beginnings. The case is no doubt extreme, however. Certainly not all our distaste for reading can be blamed upon one very bad textbook.

Many other books lie about that are of especial interest to Americans, and not the least important of these is Peter Odegard's *The American Public Mind* (Columbia University Press, $2.50). Mr. Odegard wrote *Pressure Politics* about two years ago, an excellent book. The new volume tries to show what goes into the makeup of the public mind in this country. This is, in everyday talk, plenty. Those who are familiar with Professor S. E. Morison's admirable *Oxford History of the United States* will be interested in a revision of the work, which amounts, in the opinion of the author, to a new book, which is called *The Growth of the American Republic* (Oxford University Press, $6). The work was done with the assistance of H. S. Commager. It takes up the story of this country in 1760 and brings it down to our entry into the World War. There are many maps and other illustrations.

A Forgotten American

Readers who follow as best they can the stories of what is going on in China today, and who have thus acquired a taste for Chinese history, as well as those who love adventure, and who enjoy reading about their fellow-countrymen who have influenced the destiny of other nations will all find Holger Cahill's *A Yankee Adventurer* (Macaulay, $3.50) very much worth while. It is the story of Ward, the American who organized the so-called "Invincible Army" in China during the Taiping Revolution, from which "Chinese" Gordon emerged with undying fame. It was Ward who laid all the foundations for "Chinese" Gordon's glory, according to Mr. Cahill, who has the necessary documents to prove his point. The Taiping Revolution, in case it has slipped any one's mind, lasted a matter of fifteen years. It was started by Chinese Christians, and before it was over had cost some 20,000,000 lives, not to mention millions of dollars. Ward was canonized by the Chinese, who built a temple in his honor, and eventually paid his estate a large sum of money for his services. Mr. Cahill has done a praiseworthy piece of work in thus bringing Ward back to life; the book is also well and entertainingly written. And don't overlook, in somewhat this same general field, Foster Rhea Dulles's *The Old China Trade*, mentioned here last month, which has many corking adventure stories in it, as well as a great deal of trustworthy information about the early relations of this country with China.

Myths of North America

If Mr. Cahill has written about a real American hero, Frank Shay has told the tales of several of our legendary heroes and has put between the covers of a book for the first time sketches of our principal mythological characters, including such worthies as Paul Bunyan, Tony Beaver, John Henry, Casey Jones, Old Stormalong, Pecos Bill, and Kwasind, the last Hercules of the American Indians. The title of the book is *Here's Audacity* (Macaulay, $3.50). There are good illustrations. Frankie and Johnny do not appear,

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but they have recently had a volume of their own, and they are reasonably sure of inclusions in future anthologies, the American prototypes of Romeo and Juliet. . . . There are fewer books than usual this time about old days in the West, an inexhaustible subject. A few of importance need mentioning, including *Frontier Days: The Autobiography of Frank M. Canton* (Houghton Mifflin, $3). The author was a range rider, later sheriff in the Johnson County War, a United States Marshal in the Klondike Gold Rush, and an Oklahoma peace officer. His life was one continuous adventure. Edward Everett Dale has edited his reminiscences. Mr. Canton died in 1927. Frederick R. Bechdolt's *Giants of the Old West* (Century, $2) tells the stories of John Colter, trapper; Stephen Austin, real estate agent; Brigham Young, John Sutter, Charles Goodnight and a number of others, including the men of the Alamo.

Good Novels in Plenty

LEAVING our own country for a while — we shall come back to it in connection with current biographies, as there are several about Americans that are worthy of note — and turning our eyes in the direction of the shelves that groan with the weight of novels, we find that a number of titles have been added to the list of important works of fiction already mentioned here. While interest continues in J. B. Priestley's *Angel Pavement*, Rosamond Lehmann's *A Note in Music*, Donald Clarke's *Millie*, Louis Bromfield's *Twenty-Four Hours*, and Charles G. Norris's *Seed*, there is also much discussion of such works as Somerset Maugham's *Cakes and Ale* (Doubleday, Doran, $2), Dorothy Canfield Fisher's *The Deepening Stream* (Harcourt, Brace, $2), Margaret Kennedy's *The Fool of the Family* (Doubleday, Doran, $2), this last a continuation of the story of Sanger's Circus begun in *The Constant Nymph*, Martha Ostenso's *The Waters Under the Earth* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), and W. R. Burnet's *Saint Johnston* (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $2.50), in which Mr. Burnet deserts his modern gangsters for a "Western," and does a good job of it, the principal character being drawn from the lives of Wyat Earp and Doc Holliday, and the book centring about the Earp-Clanton feuds.

These are books by writers of established reputations; among the newcomers much interest has been expressed in the work of Norman Lindsay, an Australian painter and etcher, whose first novel is *Every Mother's Son* (Cosmopolitan, $2), a singularly hard-boiled, unemotional study of the lives of a group of young people, and especially of their struggles with sex. It is, for a change, a treatment of reasonably normal adolescence, which is enough to entitle it to a few stars. The people are alive, and the author's cold intelligence and his objectivity give the book a refreshingly clear quality. It is a long way from being a novel of great importance, but contemporary hullabaloo has been kicked up with less cause.

Life in the Middle West

DAWN POWELL'S *Dance Night* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2) is an excellent bit of realistic writing, in which Miss Powell brings to life a

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Middle Western small town of a slightly earlier period sharply and vividly. She writes with forthright honesty and she seems to remember everything that is needed to make her books complete pictures of whatever it is she is writing about. *Dance Night* represents a good advance over Miss Powell's earlier novels, *She Walks in Beauty* and *Bride's House*, and there is every reason to believe that she will continue to improve. There could not be a much farther cry than from *Dance Night* to the next novel to be mentioned, which is Donald Corley's *The Fifth Son of the Shoemaker* (McBride, $2), a delightful fantasy which concerns the rise of an old Muscovite family of hereditary shoemakers to the very pinnacle of success. Pyotr is the chief character, an artist and dreamer, and New York is the background. All those who enjoyed Mr. Corley's short stories in *The House of Lost Identity* are advised to read the novel. It is excellent of its kind.

Mr. Maugham's Tempest

But before we get too deep in this discussion of the work of relatively unknown writers, it may be well to have a further look at some of the work of the men and women who have earned reputations. Somerset Maugham's *Cakes and Ale* aroused nothing short of a tempest of indignation in England, the echoes of which are still reverberating. Naturally, the book was received with much more detachment on this side. The reason of the tempest was, of course, that Mr. Maugham's principal character bears a striking resemblance to Thomas Hardy, and that another of his characters is too much like Hugh Walpole for comfort. There is bitter satire in the book, some of it wholesome, perhaps, but a good deal more that is cruel. It is clever, there is no denying that. But it is no more than fair to ask whether a man has a right to put people into novels wearing thin disguises, so that they will inevitably be recognized, and to make them live lives divided between fact and fancy; there is something cowardly about the business. So much for the ethics of *Cakes and Ale*; since most of us like scandal, and the more when it is about the great, we shall all read the book and find it amusing. Mr. Maugham is of the opinion that Hardy became the Grand Old Man of English letters merely by longevity, a matter upon which there is at least room for argument. The bitterest part of the book relates, however, to a popular English novelist now living who is never out of the public eye. Mr. Maugham makes his kindness to young authors no more than self-interest, but one wonders. Who really knows about such things except the man himself, and can he be sure of his motives on every occasion? However, the book is both clever and scandalous, which ought to be enough for most readers.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher has gained a solid reputation with her novels of American life, and in her new book, *The Deepening Stream*, she has followed one woman's story in all its detail with care and exactness. Mrs. Fisher is a novelist of genuine power, and her books are important; they are not showy or brilliant, but they wear well, and they bear signs of the loving care with which they are written. *The Deepening Stream* is one of the most

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considerable of a fairly long list; there is every reason to believe that it will give many readers pleasure, and intelligent pleasure. Martha Ostenso is a young novelist whose shelf is lengthening by an average of a book a year since the appearance of *Wild Geese*, which was widely praised and widely read. Her new book was the November choice of the Book League of America, and is the story of the seven Welland children, especially of Carla, the youngest. Miss Ostenso has attempted somewhat of a new technique in the present book, and has handled it well; her style remains very pleasant, and if, on the whole, she has not made the progress one might have hoped for her after reading her first book, she has kept her work up to a high level of excellence.

And Still More Novels

OTHER interesting new novels are *Spawn*, by Nat Ferber (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), the story of a strange community in New York State called Pike Hollow, but known better locally as Bastards' Notch, and more especially of Madge Chilvers, one of the inhabitants who emerges from these surroundings and works out her destiny. Mr. Ferber did this book during a year's absence in Europe, and it is a more finished piece of work than his earlier novels, not one of which was lacking, however, in a certain power and richness. *Spawn* is not at all a pleasant story, but it has vigor, and the plot-interest carries well. *Rearguard*, by Compton Pakenham (Knopf, $2.50), is the story of an English aristocratic family and its disintegration. It is much concerned with the lives of English people in the Far East, and this subject Mr. Pakenham knows thoroughly. It is a well-done novel by a man who has travelled far and well, and should interest many readers. *Cecile*, by F. L. Lucas (Holt, $2.50), is another of the newer novels that has found an interested public; it is the story of two young women in the days of the French Revolution, a novel filled with brilliant conversation, and written in a charming style. Mr. Lucas is well known in England as a critic and lecturer on literature; this is his third novel.

A Different Kind of Novel

AND last, but better deserving of a place near the top of the list if these notes were put together otherwise than by happen-chance, Gerald Johnson's *By Reason of Strength* (Minton, Balch, $2), which is a delightful book about a family of Scots who settled in North Carolina in the very early days of the State, and more especially of proud Catherine Campbell, a doughty aristocrat who had no fear, and who loved life so long as she breathed. This is a simple sort of story with a strong appeal; the background of pioneer days is admirably done, and the Civil War, in particular, has rarely been better done. Mr. Johnson's heroine is unfeignedly noble, and since there have always been such people in the world, and always will be, no harm can come to any of us from reading about one of them. This is not meant to be ironical; the Landscaper was charmed to find Mr. Johnson's book about a lot of wholesome, normal people, who had courage and convictions. We could do

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with a bit more of this strain in American literature, for the Lord knows we have enough of the other side of the picture. *By Reason of Strength* deserves one of the triple-stars this month, and Mr. Johnson, who has done two good biographies, is another one of our young novelists worth keeping an eye upon.

Biography in Plenty, Too

If there are novels in plenty just now, there is certainly no dearth of biography, and one may read about the widest assortment of characters, ranging from George Washington to Alaric the Goth, and from Lucy Stone to Marie de Rohan, the Duchess of Chevreuse. There are books about Lord Northcliffe and about Brigham Young; about Jonathan Edwards and Nero. Henrik Willem Van Loon has done a sort of biography of his fellow-Dutchman, Rembrandt, in *R.v.R.* (Liveright, $5), a current selection of one of the book clubs. It pretends to have been taken from the notebooks of one of Mr. Van Loon's ancestors who was Rembrandt's physician, and is fictionized biography, with a great deal of originality and plenty of richness. It is a very long book, long enough for a winter of casual reading, and the purchasers of only two books a year — see R. L. Duffus's *Books: Their Place in a Democracy* — might do much worse than to make this one of the 1930 pair, provided they are not already purchased. The new book on Washington is Thomas G. Frothingham's *George Washington: Commander in Chief* (Houghton Mifflin, $5), and is a character study made through the medium of an analysis of Washington's military activities. The author is a distinguished military and naval authority, and his book is amply documented. David Loth, the well-known biographer, has done a portrait of Charles II, in *Royal Charles: Ruler and Rake* (Brentano, $4), which is full of color and entertainment.

The new book about Brigham Young is *The Life Story of Brigham Young*, by Susa Young Gates and Leah D. Widstoe (Macmillan, $5), with a foreword by United States Senator Reed Smoot. Mrs. Gates is a daughter of Brigham, and the book is a sort of official family biography, in which the subject does not exactly get the worst of it. The book on Northcliffe is *Northcliffe: An Intimate Biography*, by Hamilton Fyfe (Macmillan, $4), Mr. Fyfe having been closely associated with the British journalist over a long period of years. He takes his master apart and shows what made him tick. Northcliffe, like so many men who accumulate vast fortunes and great power in a short time, was refreshingly free from principle. His story is, of course, one of the most fascinating of our period, and Mr. Fyfe has told it well.

A Biography of Swift

Carl Van Doren's long-awaited study of Swift is now available. It is called simply *Swift: A Biography* (Viking, $3), and is a shortish book that has taken several years to write. Most of the dialogue is from Swift's letters; the material for such a biography could not have caused any serious difficulty. The writing is good, and there was certainly room enough for such a book — and for the reminder of the strange fate that

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has met Swift's most terrible satire, namely, that it should have become a nursery classic. There are few occurrences in all literary history any more curious than this. Arthur Weigall has chosen Nero, whom he subtitles *The Singing Emperor of Rome*, as the subject for his latest biography (Putnam, $5), and those who have followed Mr. Weigall's work in the general field of the revival of ancient worthies will suspect that he has done an excellent portrait, as he has. There is much new to be learned from the book, but the verdict upon its subject is not materially altered. Marcel Brion, the French biographer of Attilla, has told the story of *Alaric the Goth* in his present offering, published by McBride at $3.50. Henry Bamford Parkes has added another volume to a splendid series with his *Jonathan Edwards: The Fiery Puritan* (Minton, Balch, $3.50). He considers Edwards one of the great geniuses of American thought. Possibly there is some room for a difference of opinion, but whether one esteems Jonathan or not, he certainly played an important enough part in fixing the early culture-pattern of a new country, and there are signs enough that we have not yet escaped from his Calvinism.

Companions for Jonathan

JONATHAN would certainly not like the juxtaposition of so gay a lady as Marie de Rohan, but perhaps it will do him no real harm to have her mentioned here. Her story has been told by Dorothy de Brissac Campbell in *The Intriguing Duchess* (Covici-Friede, $3.50). It will be remembered that the Duchess was highly thought of by Richelieu, and that on the whole she led a life that sounded very much like a romance by Dumas. An attempt to show Diane de Poitiers in an altogether different light from the usual biographies is made in *The Moon Mistress*, by Jehanne d'Orliac (Lippincott, $3.50), Mme. d'Orliac insisting that Diane has been greatly misjudged; that she was never the mistress of François Premier, and that she was by no means the magnificent courtesan of the story books, but a kind, faithful soul, a verdict, which however fair, removes some of the glamour from the life of the only king's mistress to be honored in a cathedral.

A biography of our own period, which is filled with the names of the living great among literary men, and also with the names of the recently dead, is *Taking the Curtain Call*, by Doris Arthur Jones (Macmillan, $4), which is the life story of Henry Arthur Jones, with an introduction by none other than Max Beerbohm. Jones's career was long and stormy, and his biography is as much a history of the theatre during the time he was a successful playwright as anything else.

A number of good books about other countries have recently made their appearance, including some more about India. There is also *Unveiled: The Autobiography of a Turkish Girl*, by Selma Ekrem (Washburn, $3), which is the story of the new generation in Turkey. Miss Ekrem is from a distinguished family, and is typical of the Turkish women of the present day, since the harem passed into the discard. Miriam Beard has written an extraordinarily understanding study of Japan in

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Realism in Romantic Japan (Macmillan, $5), with many interesting things to say about the changes that are being wrought in the country under the influence of the West. For those who dream of ending their days on a coral atoll in the South Seas, *Jungle Islands: The Illyria in the South Seas*, by Sidney N. Shurcliff (Putnam, $10), will prove engaging, although its interest is much wider than this, since it is the record of a scientific journey. One of its results was the discovery of a tribe of wild men in New Guinea. There are many illustrations, and the book reminds one of William Beebe's *Galapagos*, one of the treasured volumes of the Landscaper's library.

Two Books on India

ONE of the two new books on India is *A Marriage to India*, by Freida Hauswirth (Vanguard, $3.50), which is the story of an American girl who married a Hindu. Miss Hauswirth is an artist and has done many illustrations for her book, which is India from the inside, and filled with interesting material. The other is *Reconstructing India*, by Edward Thompson (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $4), Mr. Thompson having also written *Night Falls on Siva's Hills* and *These Men Thy Friends*. He has an understanding of India that few can match, and he writes exceedingly well. Hallett Abend, the Far Eastern correspondent of *The New York Times*, has written of the heart-breaking plight of China in his *Tortured China* (Washburn, $3). It is Mr. Abend's belief that peaceful intervention by the Great Powers must come before any sort of order may be brought out of the existing chaos in China. He does not spare his reader's feelings in his account of existing conditions.

Some of the Best

THIS leaves for the last the usual handful of books that do not classify exactly, but among which are invariably found some of the best volumes of each month. There is, for example, *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, by Francis Yeats Brown (Viking, $2.75), another book club choice. This is the story of a British sportsman in the East who kept his senses and sensitivities active and who saw and felt a great deal in India and other places that one would not expect to make any impression upon an Englishman of his type. It is very rare to find a man able to move in the world of action and to hold on to his intelligence, but this Major Brown has managed, and the result is a most unusual book. The chances are that it will have a large success and it will deserve whatever good luck comes to it.

Then there is *Bring 'Em Back Alive*, by Frank Buck, who had the assistance of Edward Anthony in writing his account of the capture of wild beasts all over the world, and their delivery to innumerable zoos, circuses and private individuals. Simon and Schuster publish the book and the price is $3.50. Mr. Buck's general conclusion after this careful study of animal life is that man is much wilder and much more cruel than the worst animals he has ever trapped. He's that sort of person, wise as well as quick with the lasso and whatever else he uses in his battles. There are endless good stories in the volume, and many pictures.

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The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

On Another Paper

By Robert B. Armstrong

For several days I have been receiving letters and telegrams from friends of mine all over the country calling my attention to an error in your magazine for October. This occurs at the top of column two on page 417 as part of an article by Oliver McKee, Jr., on Publicity Chiefs. It connects me with *The Los Angeles Examiner* instead of *The Los Angeles Times*. I am sure that you will please my office and my friends if an appropriate correction can be made in the next issue, as I have never been connected with any Hearst papers and would not if I had to starve.

By reference to the last issue of *Who's Who* you will observe that I was national director of publicity for President Harding for the pre-convention campaign from January to July, 1920, and was assistant publicity director for President Coolidge in 1924 through his campaign. In these two campaigns I travelled over one hundred and fifty thousand miles and met and dealt with the leading newspaper men in the United States, and naturally would like to have my connection given correctly. I have been the staff correspondent of *The Los Angeles Times* in Washington for the last thirteen years.

Financial Common Sense

By W. Hustace Hubbard

Allow me to offer my hearty congratulations on Mr. Temple's financial article in the October North American Review. I do not know when I have enjoyed reading a financial article so much as I did this one. A breath of simple common sense is such a rarity in these days of "New Eras" of both prosperity and adversity, that I can not pass it by without dropping you a line. You have also the rare distinction of having swum against the current at the top and at, or near, the bottom, since I recall several sensible articles in the magazine in 1929 ahead of the deluge.

I wish you could wave a wand over Washington, more especially the Department of Agriculture, and induce them to issue a few statements that were reasonable, or better still, induce them to keep quiet for two months. If this were possible, confidence might return to the commodity markets the sooner. What can you expect when, in a single day, the Secretary discovers Russia selling short in Chicago, and by making enough to do about this talks the price of wheat down six cents a bushel in less than six trading sessions, while some member of the Farm Board takes the opportunity to state publicly that all commodity prices will go down for several years? Can they never learn how delicate a flower confidence has too often proved itself to be?

If you can pump a little common sense from your own reservoir into Washington, it would be a patriotic duty so to do.

Incomes and Matrimony

By "The Rough Writer"

I was avidly interested in *White Collars and Marriage Yokes* by H. B. Carey in the October, 1930 North American Review. It brought up a topic over which I spent six months, figuring out, how to marry on my salary.

The average man finds himself up against quite a problem in contemplating the taking of a wife. He does not earn or make $6,000 annually. An astonishing percentage make (and marry on) $25 weekly — $1,300 a year.

Yet, to live in America at all decently it

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appears to me one needs to possess an income of $40 a week, annually $2,080.

The author of your article in question suggests that a minister with a family must earn more than $3,900. And teachers are worse off on $3,000. Granted, perhaps.

The problem today turns on this point: How can two young people marry and make a home? Old man "H. C. L." is still with us, challenging us!

I found $40 a week income sufficient (with economizing) for two. With less income married life becomes a struggle. One can not live as simply as our forebears, there are more demands today upon our pocket-books, and certain commodities once classed as luxuries are generally accepted as at least partial necessities. The happy home today is that home most contented.

Yet not to make $5,000 a year seems so paltry an income; but a large majority make no more than $1,800 annually — and marry and live!

Of course standards differ, while the college standard is not in the least representative of America today. To every man in college there are many who never attended a college.

To raise the standard of living, to better even the economic conditions, would seem to be solved only in the slogan "Better Incomes." The answer, however, is, "How?"

New Blood Needed

AS FAR as magazines are concerned, I am a skeptic. Readers just do not count in the thought of a magazine maker. They are supposed to serve for the turkey stuffing. Some of us know enough to realize that sooner or later all that is left of the stuffed turkey is a carcass.

If some good soul could, and would, break away from the hidebound route and find out what readers really want to hear about, what a subscription list he, or she, would have!

For instance this question: Is the government of the Gentile waning? Or, the Jewish ideals of government, to be written by an intelligent Jew — someone who knows.

What the farmer really wants — not what some high powered executive thinks he wants — written by a farmer who is struggling with this problem, and is intelligent enough to know. Or, Transportation as the farmer knows it; or, How do the wages of union labor react upon the landowner?

Do you editors realize that it is the person who is vitally interested in these things whom the people want to hear? We are all fed up with theories from theorists.

Another question that means much to us is: How and where is the Anglo-Saxon young man going to be assimilated in everyday life? What is the real trouble with Italy, with Jugoslavia or with France? Why has Italy so little unemployment? *Et cetera.*

The same writers seem to write for all the magazines. Is there, under the sun, no new blood for magazines?

M. P. G.

Comment on Don Rose

THE article by Donald Rose recently printed in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is the best thing on education that I have read for many a long day.

LOUIS P. BENEZET

Reading *Pernicious Prosperity*, by Donald Rose, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, started the writer thinking, in an effort to register the number of explanations which have been read of the causes of the recent slump in Wall Street. His thinking processes are still clicking, and the end is not yet; so, why not say it was possibly a characteristic surge of American greed and speed, and let it go at that. If you doubt that we like to be cocky, take an impersonal glance at affairs in this country, back as far as when the Pilgrim Fathers pushed the Indians off of Plymouth Rock so they could land on it.

We have had enough slumps in Wall Street, so that indisposition should not be considered a fatal illness, except financially to a few. Always the country, as a whole, has seemed to be sportsmanlike enough to take the losses, and then start in to do it all over again.

EDWIN M. CASE

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